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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

ANNA E. DICKINSON AND THE GYNÆKOKRACY.

From The Geneva (N. Y.) Gazette.

THERE are idiosyncrasies in the constitution of human society which, in different ages and under different phases of civilization, originate and throw to the surface certain manifestations of disease more or less loathsome and distressing; just as in a morbid state of the human body, boils and carbuncles are produced upon the surface by insidious causes seated perhaps in the vital forces of the system. Among the excrescences upon the body politic is one which may be best described by its Greek name Gynæokokracy, which manifests itself in the absurd endeavors of women to usurp the places and execute the functions of the male sex. It is a moral and social monstrosity—an inversion, *bouleversement* of the laws of nature, which have assigned to each sex its appropriate relations and duties; and a subversion, so far as it prevails, of some of the fundamental principles of morality and social order. It is an evil of ancient date and frequent recurrence. We find in the early Greek writers the first mention of this social deformity under the name of the *Amazons*—an appellation given to a community of female warriors, because, it is said, "they *burned off their right breast*, in order to handle the bow more expeditiously. The men among them were held in a servile condition, attending to the employments which occupy the time and care of females in other communities, while the Amazons themselves took charge of all things relating to war and the government." These accounts are held by some as legendary, and not worthy to be accredited as authentic history. If we grant this, it does not destroy their significancy. The myths of the ancients are pregnant with meaning. The conceptions of the poets embody in ideal form the realities of actual existence, and teach important truths. The very name *Amazon* is typical of that moral *cauterization* by which certain women ambitious of being called "strong-minded" unsex themselves, by denuding themselves of those feminine qualities, affections and graces, which constitute the ornament and glory of their sex.

In the age of Pericles, the most refined in Grecian history, there was a class of women at Athens, by no means destitute of genius, who were ambitious to mingle in the discussions of the men and direct the affairs of the state. However attractive as a class they may have been to the young men of the republic, they were forbidden by law to associate with respectable women or become the wives and mothers of citizens.

The old Roman civilization was of too stern a mold to give encouragement to this social anomaly. It occasionally appears in some of its varieties in medieval and modern history, more often in times of civil commotion and disorder. In the horrid scenes of the French Revolution it broke out in its most disgusting form, and seemed for a time to be infectious, though its victims were chiefly from the lowest and most dissolute class of females. In the fish market, behind the barricades, in the Jacobin clubs, in the conclaves of the Terrorists, around the guillotine as it executed its bloody office, they gathered in great numbers. They crowded the halls of justice, and jostled senators from their seats in the national convention. I would gladly pass over these scenes, but our own country is having its "craze," and the following extract from Russell's History of Modern Europe, when compared with a scene lately exhibited in the Hall of Representatives at Washington, is too suggestive to be omitted. It occurred under the Duumvirate of Danton and Robespierre in 1794, in the hall of the national convention:

"The doors of the convention were thrown open to a band of musicians; preceded by whom the members of the municipal body entered in solemn procession, singing a hymn in praise of liberty, and escorting, as the object of their future worship, a veiled female, whom they termed the Goddess of Reason. Being brought within the bar, she was unveiled with great form, and *placed on the right hand of the President;* when she was generally recognized as a dancing girl of the opera, with whose charms most of the persons present were acquainted from her appearance on the stage, while the experience of individuals was farther extended. To this person as the fittest representative of that reason which they worshipped, the National Convention of France rendered public homage. This impious and ridiculous mummery had a certain fashion; and the installation of the Goddess of Reason was renewed and imitated throughout the nation in such places where the inhabitants desired to show themselves equal to all the heights of the revolution."

The disease first broke out in our country more than thirty years ago, about the time of the Asiatic cholera, and, like that, was a foreign importation. It has generally been sporadic and confined to small circles scattered here and there over the country. It is infectious only in a bad moral atmosphere, or in seasons of great public agitation and distress. Its first apostle in America was one Fanny Wright, an English woman—who is a fair representative of the class generally. In religion they are free thinkers; in politics, radicals; in morals, doubtful. Their personal characteristics are often strongly marked. Bold and unblushing in countenance; roving and restless in their looks; flippant and voluble in speech; unfeminine in attire; bad imitators of the men whose manners they ape and whose functions they usurp. Under the specious name of moral and social reformers they become the disciples and advocates of every form of fanaticism started in the country. They are in turn socialists, spiritualists, bloomerites, free lovers, Abolitionists; in short, agitators in general whenever and wherever they can find people silly enough to hear them.

The last development of the kind is in the person whose name stands at the head of this article; and the sphere she has chosen is that of the hack politician and stump speaker at the election. The accounts respecting her in the public journals, the only source of information the writer has, are varied and somewhat contradictory. Of her more ardent admirers, some compare her to the Maid of Orleans, others to Phryne or Lais of the olden time. She is said to be a young girl scarcely out of her teens, who was lately dismissed from the United States Mint in Philadelphia, where she was employed at some kind of manual labor, for being saucy to her employers. She next appears amid the excitement of the last political canvass in Pennsylvania, addressing mass meetings and other gatherings of men, along with Dick Busteed and Butler, and other heroes of the stump who figured in that remarkable campaign. But the culminating glory of her young life she attained since the commencement of the present session of Congress. It may not inappropriately be called her apotheosis. In the presence of the executive and legislative bodies, "preceded by a band of musicians, she was solemnly escorted into the Hall of the Representatives," and amid the loud huzzas of a vast throng, like a second impersonation of "the Goddess of Reason," she was placed between the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House, and the whole assembled wisdom of the nation "rendered her public homage." This scene has also "had a certain fashion," and has been renewed and imitated in such towns and villages where the inhabitants have desired to show themselves equal to all the heights of radicalism. She has appeared amid great enthusiasm as the instructor and guide of the people on "*the duties of the hour*" in Cincinnati, in New York, and other places, in city halls and country lyceums. It is said she has but one discourse or lecture, which answers for all occasions. It is entirely political, intensely partisan and objurgatory, made up chiefly of extracts from Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner and Horace Greeley, loosely put together, and delivered with great self-possession, flippancy and boldness. It is also said that many rivals in her career are springing up from among the young girls of the country, and it is thought that the canvass for the next presidential election will be conducted chiefly with the aid of the military power by young members of the Gynæokracy. To the credit of the sex, it should be added, that so far as is known to the writer, she has not been encouraged in this career by respectable ladies. Her sphere is with the men, and all sensible and modest women, who have a regard for the proprieties of the sex, will be content to leave it there.

Selections.

THE NATION'S PROGRESS TOWARD FREEDOM.

THE RECORD OF A YEAR.*

BY MARY GREW.

A YEAR ago we celebrated the Proclamation of liberty to three million of American slaves. A people, long captive and oppressed, stood, trembling with hope and fear, on the banks of a Red Sea, between whose parting waters lay their path to freedom. Now, with firm step and heart elate, they are passing its midway depths; and we, whose throbbing pulses have kept time to their march, think that we see the pillar of cloud behind them—a sure protection from pursuing foes—and already anticipate, with them, the speedily approaching hour when, safe on the farther shore, with perfectly-assured deliverance, they shall sing, "Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power:" "Thou in thy mercy hast led forth the people which Thou hast redeemed; Thou hast guided them in Thy strength unto Thy holy habitation."

The intensity of national life in times like these so crowds a year with important and wonderful events; developing character, revealing hidden motive-power, and proclaiming on the house-tops that which was "spoken in the ear in closets"; so hastens the succession of causes and effects, that at each annual review we seem to have passed over a Decade.

When the Thirty-seventh Congress adjourned in March, 1863, it had accomplished the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and its prohibition in the Territories; it had decreed the confiscation of slaves of rebel masters, whether those masters were citizens of seceding or of loyal States; and it had forbidden all officers of the army or navy to aid in returning fugitive slaves to loyal or disloyal masters. A little later there were indications that the President had determined to arm the slaves whom he had freed. The past year has been bright with evidences of the Nation's progress towards a full apprehension of justice to the colored man, and willingness to render him justice. The government has authorized the organization of Negro regiments in the South as well as in the North, and now, in all its military departments, from Maryland to Louisiana, slaves are being enrolled as free soldiers of the United States. It has, in a few instances, commissioned colored men for the offices of Chaplain, Surgeon, and Recruiting Agent. It has given to its colored soldiers most solemn promises of protection equal to that which it extends to their white brethren-in-arms. Gen. Hunter, from the headquarters of the Department of the South, has proclaimed that "the United States flag must protect all its defenders, whether black or yellow," and has declared his purpose of strict retaliation for every outrage committed by the rebel government upon Negro prisoners of war. The Solicitor of the War Department announces, that "the faith of the government is pledged to these officers and troops that they shall be protected, and it cannot and will not abandon to the savage cruelty of slave-masters a single officer or soldier who has been called on to defend the flag of his country, and thus exposed to the hazards of war." And the President, in his General Order, July 30th, 1863, announced, "The government of the United States will give the same protection to all its soldiers; and if the enemy shall sell or enslave any one because of his color, the offence shall be punished by retaliation upon the enemy's prisoners in our possession."

Among these indications of progress in our government, there are few more impressive than the decision of the Military Governor of Tennessee, upon the question of the rendition of a fugitive slave who was claimed by Christopher Woodall, a resident of that State.

"EXECUTIVE OFFICE, NASHVILLE,
November 13th, 1863.

"If the girl referred to is *willing* to return with Mr. Woodall, she should be allowed to go; but, if not *willing*, she will not be compelled to go with him.

"ANDREW JOHNSON, Military Governor."

These words have a strange sound in the ears of those who have been accustomed to wait and watch, in agonizing suspense, through days and nights, for the decisions of United States Judges and Commissioners, upon fugitive slave cases in Northern cities; and to listen, in more agonizing certainty, to the doom which they pronounced.

With its promises and efforts to protect the emancipated slaves, and the free-born negro soldier, our government is offering them facilities for general education; and commissioned teachers, ranking as lieutenants, alternate their lessons with those of the drill-sergeants. It is a fact significant of conscious strength, and one which will shine brightly on the pages of our country's history, that our government, while carrying on a great war, is able and willing to attend to the education of the slaves whom the war is emancipating. One more act of restitution to this robbed and outraged people was justly demanded; and this act the government has recently performed in the Port Royal District. After much effort by Gen. Saxton and other friends of the Freedmen, both in and out of the army, a decree has been obtained that the lands in that District which had passed from the possession of rebels into that of the United States, shall be sold at public auction, open to preëmption at the government price of $1.25 per acre. Of these lands there are about 43,000 acres, besides 5,000 acres, reserved for school funds, and this act of the government enables thousands of these emancipated slaves to become freeholders. The joy with which its announcement was received by the freed people of the Islands is graphically portrayed by the editor of *The Free South*, in his account of the meeting held in St. Helena church on the occasion; but it may be more easily imagined than described. The importance of this measure to a just reorganization of labor and social life in the South can scarcely be over estimated; and political economists and philanthropists will endorse the assertion of one of the most prominent journals of Philadelphia, that "next to the proclamation of Emancipation, this is the wisest and most important measure yet adopted" for the accomplishment of this end.

The annual message of the President was anticipated with unusual anxiety, at the end of the year which will be ever remembered as the year of the proclamation. The friends of freedom hailed with joy the promise which it contained that the President would never yield the principle of the proclamation; and the assurance that he would regard the violation of it as "a cruel and astounding breach of faith." Our dismembered nation had great cause for thanksgiving that the time had come for a proclamation of pardon to the rebels, and that a condition of the offered pardon was fealty to "all proclamations of the President, made during the existing rebellion, having reference to slaves, so long and so far as not modified or declared void by decision of the Supreme Court."

The Legislative department of our government constantly indicates growing loyalty to Freedom. The early sessions of the present Congress were signally marked with evidences that a large portion of that body appreciated the mighty responsibility which God has laid upon it, and the rare opportunity given it to win a glorious and immortal name which shall be forever linked with the rescue of a country and the emancipation of its slaves. Principles which, a few years ago, were enunciated there only by a few bold men, in the face of the most furious opposition, are now incorporated into resolutions and bills, which receive the approving votes of the majority in the Senate and in the House. Bills have been introduced, to repeal the Fugitive Slave Acts of 1793 and 1850; to declare all slaves, in Territories or State, free-citizens, and to make their reënslavement a crime; to prohibit the holding of persons in servitude except by contract; for the equal payment of colored and white soldiers; for the establishment of a Bureau of Emancipation; and, best of all, a joint resolution has been offered in the Senate, for an amendment of the Constitution which shall prohibit the existence of slavery within the limits of the republic. And a motion to postpone indefinitely this resolution was negatived by a vote of thirty-one to eight. The large majorities which have promptly and steadily negatived proposals of compromise with slavery for the suppression of the rebellion, show that the sagacity and moral strength which we have been accustomed to look for in a few honorable and honored members only are extending through the body.

With such indication of progress in the various departments of the government, we look confidently for signs of equal promise among the people, the Power which moves the government. And here we cannot fail to notice a growing sense of justice towards the colored man, and an increasing willingness (inspired by mingled motives, doubtless) to admit him to the ranks of the army. In Philadelphia, where the colored race, bond and free, have long been the victims of most cruel injustice and unchristian contempt, a Memorial, signed by hundreds of our most conservative citizens, asking the Federal government to organize black regiments in Pennsylvania, was last Summer sent to Washington. And the Committee on Enlistments, in their Appeal to the citizens for pecuniary aid, tell us that though it would have been necessary, six months earlier, to support such an appeal by arguments for the propriety and expediency of such enlistments, that necessity has passed away. A prominent citizen and a Judge, in Maryland, writes to the Secretary of War, urging the enlistment of slaves. Similar testimony to this great change in popular feeling comes from the East and West, and from many loyal citizens of the South. The Republican journals which denounced and ridiculed the first proposal of the measure, now advocate and applaud it. The most cursory reader of the daily newspapers cannot fail to perceive the entire change of their spirit and tone towards the colored people, both free and enslaved. The prompt and liberal response to the cry of the freedmen for aid is another evidence of the regenerating process through which public sentiment is passing. In Philadelphia alone nearly one hundred thousand dollars have been contributed for their assistance. And this aid to the newly emancipated slave, which has been so freely offered throughout the whole North, has come not only from those who, for thirty years, have been pleading his cause and laboring for his redemption, but also from those who, during nearly all those years were deaf to those pleas, and active in striving to thwart those labors. God be thanked that they are willing to stretch out their hands, and grasp in fraternal kindness the toil-worn hand of the slave, now that the Angel of Liberty is leading him out of his long captivity!

The evidences of this change, so delightful to witness, are far too numerous for record. One of the most marvellous is the fact that the organ of Boston conservatism suggests that the Massachusetts Legislature shall elect for chaplain a colored clergymen of that city, as a delicate and proper expression of public appreciation of the generosity and disinterested patriotism of the Massachusetts black regiments, who declined to accept the additional pay voted them by the State Legislature.

In reviewing the nation's progress towards freedom, we must look into the Southern States. If, throughout the North, we have gathered many trophies of the victory of our cause, which awaken unutterable joy and gratitude, with what songs of exultation shall we hail its triumphs on Southern soil. A majority of the slaveholding States which were exempted in the President's Emancipation proclamation, are preparing to abolish slavery within their borders. Maryland, by the voice of her Governor, and the vote of fifty-one against fifteen of the members of one branch of her Legislature, has declared that her interests demand the immediate adoption of the policy of emancipation. Missouri, which a few years ago sent forth her border-ruffians to fight against Freedom in Kansas, assembled in State Convention, and, on the first day of July, 1863, voted by a majority of fifty-one against thirty, for the adoption of an Act of Gradual Emancipation, which declares that slavery shall cease to exist in Missouri on and after the 4th of July, 1870; with certain provisions and exceptions, one of which is that slaves over forty years of age shall remain enslaved during their lives. The contest in this Convention was between the advocates of Gradual and of Immediate Emancipation; a memorable fact concerning a State which has been so strong a champion of slavery. Though the Radical Emancipationists were defeated, they were not discouraged from further efforts to hasten the doom of the monster which was sucking the life-blood of their Commonwealth. These efforts will probably be successful, but, even if they should not, the rapid exodus of slaves into Kansas, now going on, and the other facilities of emancipating themselves which they are discovering, will, doubtless, make Missouri a free State long before the year 1870.

Tennessee, under the terrible discipline of the war, is learning new lessons on the character of slavery, and is growing in loyalty to the Union and to freedom. Arkansas, distancing her rivals in the race for liberty, has in State Convention adopted, with but one dissenting vote, an article of her new Constitution prohibiting slavery; and, a few weeks hence, we shall doubtless hear the solemn Aye of her people, ratifying this Constitution and her returning fealty to the United States.

Louisiana, from the hour when the Federal government took possession of New Orleans, and loosened the grasp of her tyrant, has been steadily advancing in the knowledge of true political economy. It is most interesting to trace that advance, from that small convocation held, a year ago, in the parlor of St. Charles's Hotel, composed of planters, once the magnates of the land, now bankrupt and helpless, suppliants to the government against which they had rebelled, for protection and help in the cultivation of their estates, down to the time of the assembling of a Convention to elect delegates to represent Louisiana in a Convention of Union men of the slave States. Had we not become somewhat accustomed to the startling developments of this wonder-working age, we should scarcely have believed the telegram which recently announced that these quondam representatives of the pride and power of Louisiana had proposed the framing of a new Constitution which should forever prohibit the existence of slavery within the State. Who would have believed, a few years ago, a prediction that a "FREEDOM CONVENTION OF THE SLAVE STATES" would be summoned to meet at Louisville, Kentucky, on the 22d of February, 1864?

This mighty revolution in the state has moved the church. The church which, by virtue of its high name and claims, should ever be the leader of moral reforms, but which in every age has been dragged forward by those who, having learned her elementary lessons, must needs come out from her to practice them faithfully, now shares the inspiration of the times, and brings the influence of her words and deeds to the cause of Human Liberty and equal brotherhood. The Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Pennsylvania has at last repealed a "regulation," which has disgraced its journals for nearly a hundred years, excluding the church of St. Thomas (a church composed of colored persons in Philadelphia) from representation in the Convention. This rule was rescinded, in May last, by a vote of one hundred and thirty-eight clergymen and eighty-four laymen, against nine clergymen and twelve laymen. A condition attached to the repeal was, that St. Thomas's Church should rescind an article in its Constitution, which asserted that only colored persons should be allowed any share in its government.

We rejoice in being able to record another deed of practical Christianity done by the Episcopal clergy of Philadelphia. It is their protest against the "Defence of Slavery," issued by Bishop Hopkins of Vermont, a protest signed by Bishop Potter, and nearly all the Episcopal clergymen of Philadelphia.

They who have watched the course of the A. B. C. F. M. for many years past, will ask no surer evidence of the rising tide of anti-slavery sentiment in the nation, than the fact that that body was impelled, at its last annual meeting, to adopt resolutions expressive of joy in the prospective overthrow of American slavery. And from all the great branches of the American church, Protestant and Catholic, we hear from time to time earnest testimony against the sin which has wrought so great national suffering. On our last annual Thanksgiving day, how many of our temples of worship received a new consecration, while from the preachers' lips, touched with fire from God's altar, rose fervent pleas for universal justice, and the penitent cry, "We have been verily guilty concerning our brother"; and from the voices and hearts of congregated thousands burst the anthem,

"May the Banner of Union, restored by Thy Hand,
Be the Banner of Freedom o'er all in the land!"

The Chief Magistrate of this nation is winning many laurel crowns, which, when this stormy period of his public life is passed, he may wear in peace during the remainder of his days, and bequeath to his children and his children's children; but, among the honors which are clustering round his name, there are few which will be a more precious memory in his last hours, than the fact that this Anthem of Thanksgiving and prayer for the slave's redemption was called "THE PRESIDENT'S HYMN."

We cannot attempt to record half of the triumphs of freedom which, during the past year, have gladdened our hearts and strengthened our hands for a last struggle in our long warfare. We have seen that Proclamation which was ridiculed as a paper weapon, harmless against slavery as a Quaker gun, batter down the walls of many a slave prison, and transform its wretched inmates into United States soldiers, or free laborers, toiling for themselves and their families, with "none to molest or make them afraid." We listened with wonder, almost with awe, to the murmur of praise which went up from St. Helena, on the Fourth of July, when an anti-slavery meeting of colored people was held in the midst of those South Carolina plantations, and a little black boy read the Declaration of Independence to the freed slaves of the Island. Not less remarkable, as a triumph of the freedom of the press, is the establishment of anti-slavery journals in several Southern cities; or, as a sign of the times, is the fact that in the streets of Northern cities, the crowds which used to hound on the pursuers of fugitive slaves now gather to honor negro regiments setting forth to war.

The result of the elections in this State and throughout the North, and also in Delaware and Maryland, were sure pledges of the people to sustain the emancipation policy of the government; and were justly regarded as more important victories than those won on the battle-field. In the work of the campaign in several States, our townswoman, Anna E. Dickinson, performed most valuable service.

The history of the past year has demonstrated, for those who needed the demonstration, the capabilities of a race which this nation has held down with a strong hand, and then meanly taunted with its inability to rise. They have proved their value of liberty, by the dangers braved and sufferings endured in their efforts to reach the army lines within which they had heard was their citadel of freedom. That they will labor, industriously and well, even when suddenly transferred from the condition of slaves to that of freedmen, and better and more industriously in consequence of the change, we have the testimony of Adj.-Gen. Thomas, in the Report of his Free Labor Experiment in Louisiana; of the U. S. Tax Collector for Florida, and of the Superintendents and Teachers in the Sea Islands. And there is abundance of similar testimony to the eagerness with which these emancipated slaves desire, for themselves and their children, education in the rudiments of learning, and the comforts and conveniences of civilized life; and their willingness to pay for these blessings so recently placed within their reach. When the Union forces took possession of Nashville, the negroes immediately established schools for themselves; and in all our Military Departments where freedmen have been gathered, one of their first demands has been for a teacher. The colored man has also proved his capabilities as a soldier. Who asks now in doubt and derision, "Will the negro fight?" The answer is spoken from the cannon's mouth; it is written in sunlight on flashing steel; it comes to us from Port Hudson's field of death, from Morris Island, and from those graves beneath Fort Wagner's walls, which the American people will surely never forget.

By the terrible discipline of civil war, God is educating this nation in a sense of justice, and in the knowledge of what constitutes its true safety. It has long tried to change the eternal laws of cause and effect, to inaugurate a policy whereby it might safely sin. But He, whose retributive justice is love, is teaching it the folly of such efforts, and is purifying it with fire. And now from its cabinet, its army, its legislative assemblies, its pulpit, and its press, comes the loud cry, "Slavery must die, that the nation may live." Brighter and brighter beams the revelation of that unwelcome truth on men's souls; and the cry is echoed by reluctant lips; and they who are striving with frantic energy to disprove it, and to save from destruction the accursed thing which was working our ruin, are losing heart and hope, and trembling before their visions of the future. Who can doubt that the nation has learned much from the sharp teaching of Providence, when one Secretary of its Cabinet writes thus to another?—"We cannot afford to wrong any class of our people. One poor man, colored though he be, with God on his side, is stronger, if against us, than the hosts of the rebellion." * From one of the most successful generals of the army we have the testimony that "the North and the South can never live together in peace except as one nation, and that a free nation." Disloyal and pro-slavery journals, impelled by a power which they recognize and hate, are fiercely crying out, "We know thee, who thou art!" and in muttered curses acknowledging that the days of slavery are numbered.

One of the most remarkable illustrations of the moral changes wrought by the discipline of the war has been furnished by a venerable clergyman, whose name is a tower of strength in that large and conservative portion of the church which he has long represented; who, for thirty years past, has been an apologist for slavery, and an opponent of Abolitionists; and who, now, in his old age, looking back on his past course, and looking around on the harvest which the nation is reaping from its own sowing, says, "*I was wrong.*" Thank God for such tokens of returning health in the church!

From the South, as well as from the North, comes earnest testimony to the expediency of justice. The Governor of Maryland, in his recent message to the Legislature of that State, says: "I believe, to-day, as I have done for years, that if we had long ago provided for the gradual emancipation of the slaves of the State, we should now be, as regards all the material elements of public prosperity, far in advance of our present position." Members of Congress from Kentucky have declared that slavery is a violation of the law of God; that it is "the life-blood of the rebellion," and that the country will never prosper until it is destroyed. The editor of the Nashville *Union*, watching the results of emancipation in the District of Columbia, advises the citizens to "act honestly towards their slaves," and offer them wages instead of the whip, as an inducement to labor.

While the South is slowly learning this wisdom from lessons of stern retribution, she may also learn it by gentler teaching, if she will note the prosperity which follows quickly the advancing footsteps of freedom. Already the giant hand of steam is urging the wheels of free labor in South Carolina; and a Free School system, the corner stone of our Northern Commonwealths, has been established in Western Virginia.

In watching the progress of the war, even a superficial observer is startled by the numerous instances of poetical justice which it furnishes. Slaveholders captured and guarded by United States' soldiers who, but yesterday, were their crouching, trembling slaves, have had abundant opportunities to test their favorite theory that human bondage is a divine institution. On the homestead of Henry A. Wise, the daughter of John Brown now teaches emancipated slaves. Beaufort, the pride of South Carolina's aristocracy, is rapidly passing into the possession of her freedmen.

Thus, by varied discipline, is God teaching a proud nation the immutability of His laws. His Providence is also teaching the safety of obedience to those laws. That question, asked a thousand times, exultantly by those who hoped to find in it an argument against emancipation, anxiously by some who were willing to risk the consequences of practical justice; "What shall be done with the emancipated slaves?" is now being rapidly and explicitly answered. Dr. Bowen, of Tennessee, says: "As to the future of the negro, there need be no concern. For the most part the negroes will take care of themselves. They are all needed in the South for laborers, and soon there will be no prejudice against hiring them. Already it is found to be an obstacle in the way of enlistment, that planters were offering wages to their slaves, to keep them from going into camp." The Superintendents of the Sea Islands testify that the Freedmen there are, by the proceeds of their own labor, supplying the increasing demands of their civilized life, and opening a new market for Northern manufactories. And the recent sale of lands in South Carolina, by our government, demonstrates the ability of the Freedmen to take care of themselves. These men and women, so recently penniless, not only availed themselves of their preëmption right, and purchased at the government price the acres which they had tilled, but at the sale of the lands and houses in Beaufort, where the competition was earnest, and the property commanded prices greatly beyond its assessed value, they were the principal purchasers.

THE WORK NOT ALL DONE—DANGER AHEAD.

All these moral problems, upon which the Nation has been and is still so painfully working, might have been easily solved, long ago, if the religion of this country had been worthy of its name. The simple yet profound philosophy of Christ's precepts, teaches the lessons which this people must needs pass through the discipline of a civil war to learn. Nor are they, even yet, fully learned. Cheering as it is to look at the indications of moral progress which we have been reviewing, there is a darker side of the year's history from which we must not turn away. Our National Capital is still disgraced by the capture and rendition of fugitive slaves. Month after month we have read, with shame and sadness, the details of the arrest, imprisonment, and torture, of these victims of slaveholding tyranny, until, at last, we hear, with relief, that "the colored refugees from the South are to be removed to the Virginia side of the Potomac," because "they are not safe in Washington, from the slave-catchers." And while these slave-catching statutes are respected by the government, any other provisions of the laws or Constitution are disregarded as "a military necessity," at the discretion of the President. It is mortifying to know that all Christendom looks on while these deeds are done; it is more painful to know that they *are* done. Another stain on our country's annals is its treatment of its colored soldiery. If the contempt and indignity with which some of these regiments have been treated by officers of high rank in the army, who found it difficult to remember that they were soldiers, and not servants of white troops, must be regarded as an inevitable result of that unchristian prejudice against the negro, in which so many of those officers have been nurtured; it might at least have been expected that the Nation would not grudge the poor recompense of a soldier's pecuniary reward to the colored men who have met her foes on the battle-field, and died that she might live. Yet the pay, and the bounty, and the pension, which the government has adjudged to be the white soldier's right, has not been awarded to the black one, though both have heartily volunteered, and both have been drafted into the country's service. This injustice, we confidently believe, our present Congress will prevent in the future, and, we trust, atone for in the past.

In some of our Northern States, claiming to be free, the cruel prejudice against the colored man has culminated in legislation most unjust to him, and disgraceful to a civilized community. In Illinois colored men have been offered for sale at public auction, in consequence of failure to pay the fines imposed on them for going into that State and remaining more than ten days.

We see all around us sad evidences of the widely-extended influence which slavery has exerted in this Nation, influences which have not wholly lost their power. The pew doors of our churches do not yet open freely to admit on equal terms the white and black worshippers. Our colored citizens are still denied the accommodations of our city railway cars. Occasionally, an individual is permitted to enter them, on sufferance; usually they are refused admission, and not unfrequently they are ejected, or insultingly told that they may stand on the outside platforms. At Camp William Penn, a few miles from this city, colored regiments are organized, and trained for the defence of the country, and from time to time go forth to the battle-field. The families of many of these soldiers reside in the city, and any frequent traveller on the road leading to the camp, may see hundreds of colored men and women walking thither to visit their sons, their husbands and their brothers, to many of whom they are soon to speak the words of a last farewell. These are the people whom our City Railway Companies exclude from their cars. Our colored population promptly responded to the call for men to drive back the rebel invaders of Pennsylvania; they go willingly in the face of death, and worse than death, to bear their part in the fierce struggle for the Nation's life. Is it *thus* that Philadelphia should requite them?

A careful review of the past will help us to appreciate our present danger. It is the danger which is always incident to an enterprise approaching its consummation; the belief, on the part of its advocates, that the work so nearly finished is already done; that the final victory, which may be depending on the issue of one more struggle, is already won. The Anti-Slavery cause has won such glorious victories within the last three years, that its "time-worn and battle-worn friends," who for thirty years past have been "hoping against hope," may in the fulness of their joy believe that *all* is won. But slavery is not yet destroyed, either by Presidential Proclamations or by the law of the land. A period of great peril to the Nation is at hand. The question of the reconstruction of the Republic, the reunion of the North and South, is soon to test the wisdom and virtue of this People. Then the Tempter will come in the beautiful guise of an Angel of Peace, and will call Injustice and Wrong by the gentle name of Compromise. Already we see the foreshadowing of this hour of trial. The suggestions, contained in the President's Proclamation of Amnesty, that the Supreme Court may modify or declare void his Proclamation of Emancipation and the "Acts of Congress passed during the Rebellion, with reference to slaves"; "and that the future destinies of the Freedmen may be placed, with some protecting restraints, in the hands of the returning States," are sufficient warnings against the pleasant delusion that the cause of Liberty is safe beyond all peril. The most dangerous foes of the North are the traitors within her own borders. The rebel invaders of Northern States may be driven from our soil; the hosts of the Slave Power may be conquered, and lay down their arms; but these Northern sympathizers with treason, and champions of slavery, will never cease their insidious warfare until the dethroned monster is dead and buried beyond hope of resurrection.

In this National crisis, sleepless vigilance is the duty of all the friends of universal Freedom. They must watch with jealous care, every movement of the government, and sound an alarm when danger is descried. The government, in all its Departments, will need all the strength which can be infused into it by the most distinctly expressed public sentiment, to enable it steadfastly to resist the combined influence of the pro-slavery politicians of the North and the Conspiracies of slaveholders now actively at work in some of the repentant States preparing to return to the Union.

The work of the Abolitionists is not yet done. We must not forget, in this hour of our joy over broken fetters and falling chains, in this hour of our hope of speedy discharge from our long warfare, the early vows which bound us to the cause of the American slave until its complete and final triumph should be won. Yet a little while longer we must stand before the Nation as the representatives of the Slave, and demand for him in the name of Humanity, in the name of Justice, all that we would, in similar circumstances, demand for ourselves. We must demand liberty, full and unconditional, for him now; and such amendment of the United States Constitution as will banish slavery from the Republic forever. During the process of reorganization of the Union, we must watch with Argus eyes for the stealthy approach of our foe, in the form of national compromises with wrong; and bid the People take warning from the fatal mistake of the founders of our government. We have long been inured to the tasks of detectives, and to whatever obloquy has attended these tasks. We must continue them a little longer, though at the risk of being called grumblers whom nothing will satisfy, even by those who are more than half converted to our cause. Nothing will satisfy us but full justice to the slave; though we rejoice and give thanks for every step taken towards it.

The completion of our third Decade is almost simultaneous with that of the American Anti-Slavery Society. As a constituent part of that Society, we recently celebrated, with our coadjutors, the Thirtieth Anniversary of the birth of our enterprise, and reviewed the history of this Association from its organization to the present time. Words are too weak to express our gratitude for the experience of the past, the triumphs of the present, the hopes of the future. Every year has been marked with some tokens of the advancement of our cause. In the darkest hours we have ever seen the pillar of fire which was leading it steadily onward, through all difficulties, over all opposition. On each of our Anniversaries we have set up a stone of memorial that "hitherto hath the Lord helped us." The last year has revealed, too clearly for doubt, the fact that this war between the North and the South is a war between Freedom and Slavery. The South purposed and avowed this from the beginning of the rebellion. The North came, slowly and reluctantly, to a perception and acknowledgment of the fact. But now the united voice and action of Church and State, of Conservatives and Radicals, attest it; and the organs of despotism in Europe can no longer, with any pretence of sincerity, affect to disbelieve it. Neither can they any longer conceal it from the honest masses of the British people, who are now eagerly stretching out their hands in fraternal sympathy with us in this struggle. The cheering tones of their brotherly greeting ring out to us from across the Atlantic, and with them mingle voices from France, and Italy, and Germany, shouting their All Hail! to the defenders of Liberty in the United States of America.

On the records of the triumphs of Freedom in 1863, stands the emancipation of the 45,000 slaves of Surinam, who, in virtue of a decree of the States General of Holland, passed on the 8th of August 1862, obtained their freedom on the 1st of July last.

The year upon which we enter to-day, lies before us, bright with promise. The path of our just cause shines brighter and brighter as it approaches its perfect day. We confidently trust that this shall be the year of its complete triumph, and that a national decree of universal emancipation will consummate our labors. Many signs of the times indicate the fulfilment of this hope. The slaves whom the President's Proclamation or the Acts of Confiscation did not reach, are rapidly emancipating themselves. State governments have little power to hold them, and the Federal government has almost ceased to exert its authority to stay their flight to freedom. They have lost their value as property in the Border States. The hope of reviving the system of slavery is failing in the hearts of its advocates; and the people of the North are daily growing stronger in the determination to crush the rebellion by destroying its cause. Prominent journals, once conservative of slaveholding interests, now advocate such amendment of the Constitution as will prevent the recurrence of the terrible scenes of the last three years, by prohibiting forever the existence of slavery in the land.

Some who greeted with us the dawn of this Day of Jubilee, no longer watch, on earth, the glory of its ascending sun. One who, with youthful ardor labored earnestly with us, and one who in extreme age proved by her deeds of charity, how well she remembered "those in bonds," have finished their work.* Others,† faithful unto death in the cause of the slave, have also heard the summons, "Come up higher!" We stand a little longer in the ranks where they have fallen, awaiting the hour when we shall hear the signal of our discharge in the victorious shout, "ALL IS LOST TO SLAVERY; ALL IS WON TO FREEDOM!"

* Caroline Wise Dickerson, Martha Gillingham.
† Amos Gilbert, William Barnard.

MR. MASON JONES ON AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

THE Manchester (England) *Guardian* of the 15th ult. has the report of a speech in Free Trade Hall by Mr. Mason Jones, the eloquent English lecturer, who visited this country last year. He gave an intelligent account of our civil war and its prospects, and spoke warmly for the National cause, saying:

There could be no more any boundary line between freedom and slavery; the country must be all free or all slave. The slave-owning oligarchy were the enemies of the laborer, whether black or white, and if able, would monopolize political power. Such an oligarchy must eventuate in a military despotism. There could be no peace between these opposing powers; one or the other must go down now and for ever. Without doubt the North would prevail, not only because their cause was just, but because they were the descendants of the English Puritans, and with bull-dog courage having taken the South by the throat, they would hold on like grim death until they had flung it strangled at their feet. * * * The monarchies, the aristocracies, the plutocracies, and the snobocracies of the old world exulted at the prospect of the overthrow of the great republic. The flunkies of Belgravia were wild with delight; the loungers in the Pall Mall clubs sang "Te Deums"; all the organs of the slave-owning confederacy in Europe uttered cries of joy; the political Lord Dundrearys, like Mr. Beresford Hope and Lord Robert Montagu (great cheering)—men with more money than brains, and more titles than common sense (loud laughter and renewed cheers)—shouted with indecent exultation, because, as they said, "The American bubble has burst, and we always knew it would burst; republicanism has failed, and we always knew it would fail." The American war brought to light all the sham liberalism of England—and there never was so much sham liberalism in England as at the present moment—from Lord Brougham, who was in his dotage, down to the renegade Roebuck. The whole theory of representative institutions was at stake in this American war—namely, that the people shall be governed by the voice of the majority. If the Americans failed, representative government would fail everywhere, and the chains of despotism would be riveted upon the people of Europe for the next thousand years. The mouths of all reformers would be shut up by the phrase "look at the dis-United States."

WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH THE BLACK MAN?

[The following communication to a Birmingham (Eng.) paper, Feb. 18, 1864, is from a gentleman who has been a most uncompromising and efficient friend of our government and cause from the commencement of the Rebellion:]

To the Editor of The Daily Post:

SIR: "What is to be done with the black man?" Why ask the question? Why not ask what shall be done with the white man?

*Extract of a letter from a young Lady of Boston, U.

I say her opinions, and your opinions, and all our opinions do signify. For whatsoever we do, and do not do, depends on what opinions we hold, and there is nothing more humiliating than the indifference of women to their opinions, and the small value they set upon their influence. The writer might have added that where this indifference is shown extensively, society soon becomes demoralized.

Feb. 11. S. A. GODDARD.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 2. 1864.

THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will hold its Thirty first Anniversary in this city—probably in the Church of the Puritans, on Union Square—on Tuesday morning, May 10th, at 10 o'clock, a.m. The Business meetings of the Society will be held on Tuesday evening and Wednesday morning—probably in the Lecture Room of the Church of the Puritans; and on Wednesday evening, May 11th, at 8 o'clock, the Society will hold another public meeting in the Cooper Institute. Other particulars, including the names of speakers, will be announced hereafter.

THE ABOLITIONISTS AND THE PRESIDENCY.

THE American people are busying themselves in the manipulations preliminary to their quadrennial manufacture of a President. Perhaps it would be more strictly correct to say that the obliging persons who are good enough to relieve the people of the trouble of doing this work for themselves are busy in their vocation. Yet it is barely possible that the people may take this business into their own hands for this once, considering the momentous nature of the issues growing out of it. And we think the appearances are in favor of a more genuine expression of the real will and pleasure of the citizens of the United States, this time, than at any of the former attempts to get at it. And it well becomes them to be instant in season, lest they find that the day of their grace is past by. As far as human calculations can go, it would seem that more will depend upon the result of this Presidential election than upon those of all that have gone before it put together. The unity of the nation, territorially, its redemption from the clinging curse of slavery, and the accomplishment of the revolution which seeks to substitute a really Republican government for the detestable oligarchy which has for so long ruled its destinies, all these things and whatever appertains to them would seem to depend greatly for their right determination upon the way in which the election goes next November. We ought to act as if the just direction of our affairs depended upon the good faith and good sense with which each one of us conducts himself in that matter. It may be that events, more powerful than the men that set them in motion, may hurry us on to glory or to gloom in spite of all that can be done on the one side or on the other to arrest or to hasten them. As we find ourselves, in this third year from Sumter, forced by the successes of our enemies and by the aroused common sense of ourselves into a position, as to slavery and the black race, from which the nation long held back, and which the government did all it could for eighteen months to avoid taking. But we must not trust to that chance in our favor, remembering that equally unexpected events may give a disastrous turn to our affairs. The danger of compromise we are happy to believe is over. Not from the virtuous determination of the North so much as from the dogged desperation of the South. We think it is now clear that there is no concession that can buy the rebels back. They must either be subdued, and the South held as a conquered territory, or the independence of the Confederacy recognized. Even McClellan, should he be the nominee of the Democrats and the successful competitor, would have to choose between these alternatives. And the danger is that he would choose the last.

It is a question that has excited a good deal of attention within and without the anti-slavery ranks, as to what will be the course of the "technical Abolitionists" at this juncture. It is a question of material consequence to themselves and not one of indifference to the public interests. After thirty years and more of incessant and disinterested labors they have succeeded—their enemies being witnesses—in bringing the country to an open issue with slavery, and in making that an open fight for national life which had always been an insidious and deadly attack upon it. They have done this so well that all their enemies, and some of their friends, think that they have done enough, and may as well stand aside and let the work be done by other hands. This last they are well content to allow. They are willing that others should enter into their labors, and take all the credit of them, and carry away all the rewards of victory. But they deem that their old office of observation, of criticism, of censure, is quite as important now as ever it was, and very much more effectual. At a time when our speakers can fill any public room, from the Cooper Institute to the village schoolhouse, with crowds eager to hear, such as never before collected for such a gospel, when we have the ear of public men and national legislators as we never before had it, and when we know that the influence of our opinions and utterances is not unfelt in very high places of authority, although we are no better beloved than we were a quarter of a century ago, we shall be slow to divest ourselves of that character for organized and unselfish opposition to slavery to which we owe whatever weight we have and by which alone we can hope to retain it. And that this is the deliberate opinion of the Abolitionists we infer from the liberality, exceeding that of any former year, with which they furnished the American Anti-Slavery Society with the modest means requisite for its operations, notwithstanding the extraordinary burdens, public and private, of the time. Our field still lies in the domain of public feeling and opinion. We have done much to teach the public how it ought to feel and think in the crisis of its affairs which slavery had brought about; to show it that slavery was the cause of all its woes, to expose slavery to it in all her hideousness, and to make it feel that much of the guilt of her permissive existence rested on its social, civil and religious complicity with her. This has been our task in former years, and that which attends us now is like unto it—to see that no grace is granted to the felon, that she is allowed no added hour of life after the sword of the nation is at her throat, that no imagined expediency should involve us in inherent and enduring mischiefs, without the uplifting of loud and persistent remonstrance, such as we have forced the unwilling ears of the people to hear in former times.

As to what the Abolitionists should do at this particular time, in view of the preliminary canvass as to the candidates yet to be, we hold that their true position is one of Masterly Inactivity. That is to say, as to the particular persons to be nominated. They can never be released from their first duty, and especially at such a time, that of insisting that the nation should submit to the nomination of no man that is not committed, heart, soul, and body, to the utter and everlasting destruction of slavery as the one thing needful for our national salvation. They should do all they can to impress it upon that large mass of honest minds, which they have reached, that no man is sufficient for this adventure who does not see, and has not said, and has not proved by his works that he believes, that slavery is the only occasion of this rebellion, and that peace, freedom and prosperity can only be had at the cost of its entire and eternal extermination, be the cost what it may. And this we know to be the feeling of such individual Abolitionists as have taken ground, more or less decided, in favor of particular candidates. Mr. Garrison has intimated his opinion, in his own paper, that Mr. Lincoln is on the whole the most unexceptionable candidate likely to secure an election. Other eminent Abolitionists have pronounced even more decidedly in favor of Gen. Fremont. And yet others, we believe, incline to the party of Mr. Chase, should the Republican Convention thrust the nomination upon him in spite of his reclamations. But all these inclinings come solely from the belief in the minds of these several men, that their candidate is the man best fitted to finish the great work appointed to this generation to do, or to leave undone at the price of ruin. Not one of them will retain his allegiance to his favorite chief a moment after he has been seen to falter, or after a truer leader shall appear in the field. It is not Lincoln, or Fremont, or Chase, or Butler, that they consider chiefly in this regard, but the Slave, whose interests only they are to consult, and whose champion only they look for when they cast about for a fitting Head to the Nation. In their private capacity Abolitionists will exercise their perfect freedom of individual opinion. In our organic action, we presume that no preference will be expressed in favor of any one over another. All will be judged, first, by their professions, and, secondly, by their actions and those of their supporters. We can hardly conceive of a case in which it would be wise in us to leave our position of independent and impartial observation and criticism for one of political partisanship. But that must be left for the decision of the future.

The decision of the next election, however, will depend rather upon battles than upon conventions. If Gen. Grant will take Richmond this month or next, or if signal success attend our arms in any important quarter, before the Baltimore Convention, Mr. Lincoln will be nominated most infallibly, and, should victory still accompany us, he will be elected. Should defeat precede the Convention, Mr. Lincoln's claims would be very probably put aside for a candidate, possibly not yet named, or not named with hope. Who knows that Butler's star might not be the lord of the ascendant, shining out from the clouds of disaster? And, if the next Summer be not one marked by decisive victories, it is of small importance who is nominated at Baltimore, for he will be defeated, be he whom he may. The next election is to put an end to the war, by victory or by a disgraceful peace. Let no honest man be wanting in the endeavor, at least, that it shall end in victory and not disgrace.

ANTI-SLAVERY AMENDMENT OF THE CONSTITUTION.

THE question of amending the U. S. Constitution so as forever to prohibit slavery was discussed in the Senate on Monday. Mr. Trumbull of Illinois led off in a strong speech, in the course of which he said:

"The only effective mode of ridding the country of slavery is by constitutional amendment, forever prohibiting its existence within the jurisdiction of the United States. This amendment adopted, and not only does slavery cease, but it can never be established by State authority, or in any other way, than by again amending the Constitution. Whereas, if slavery should now be abolished by act of Congress or proclamation of the President, assuming that either has the power to do it, there is nothing in the Constitution to prevent any State from again re-establishing it. This change of the Constitution will also relieve us of all difficulty in the restoration to the Union of the rebel States when our brave soldiers shall have reduced them to obedience to the laws. And he was rejoiced to believe that this amendment would have a large support from what are known as the Border States. Being recommended by two-thirds of each House of Congress, is it unreasonable to expect its ratification by three-fourths of the States? We now have thirty-five States, and acts have passed to create two more (Nevada and Colorado). These, added to those we already have, make thirty-seven States. To ratify the amendment will therefore require the affirmative votes of twenty-eight States. There are now twenty-one free States, including Nevada and Colorado, soon to be admitted. Add to them Delaware, Maryland, Missouri, West Virginia, Arkansas, Louisiana and Tennessee, and you have twenty-eight, the requisite number to carry the measure. I have assumed that all the free States will adopt the amendment. It is now very generally conceded that slavery is not a divine institution. The few in the Northern or free States who attempt to uphold it do so on Constitutional grounds, denying the authority of the government to interfere with it; but none of these persons deny or can deny the power of the people to amend the Constitution in the mode prescribed by the instrument itself. If, then, they shall oppose an amendment for the abolition of slavery, it will not be because to abolish it in that form is unconstitutional, but because it is not right, or, if right, not expedient."

Mr. Wilson of Massachusetts spoke eloquently not only in behalf of this but of other forms of anti-slavery action. We shall probably print at least a portion of his speech hereafter. At present we content ourselves with quoting his concluding words as reported by telegraph:

"But the crowning act in this series of acts for the restriction and extinction of slavery in America is this proposed amendment to the Constitution, prohibiting the existence of slavery forevermore in the Republic of the United States. If this amendment shall be incorporated by the will of the nation into the Constitution of the United States, it will obliterate the last lingering vestiges of the slave system, its chattelizing, degrading and bloody codes, its dark, malignant, barbarizing spirit, all it was and is, everything connected with it, or pertaining to it, from the face of the nation if has scarred with moral desolation, from the bosom of the country it has reddened with the blood and strewn with the graves of patriotism."

In the House on Monday Mr. Stevens of Pa. offered a joint resolution, proposing a new article to the Constitution, which, when ratified by the requisite number of States, shall be valid, as a part of the Constitution, namely:

"Slavery and involuntary servitude, except for the punishment of crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, is forever prohibited in the United States and all the Territories, and so much of article 4, section 11, of the Constitution, as refers to the delivery up of persons owing service or labor, escaping into another State, is annulled."

Mr. Holman of Ind. objected to the second reading of the resolution. Accordingly the question recurred, "Shall the resolution be rejected?" This was determined in the negative by a vote of 38 against 69. The question recurring on a second reading of the resolution, Mr. Stevens struck out the latter clause, relating to the Fugitive Slave provision of the Constitution; but before the question could be taken, the attention of the House was called to another subject. On Tuesday the question came up again, when its further consideration was postponed for two weeks.

EQUALITY IN RHODE ISLAND.—By the Constitution and laws of Rhode Island, no complexional distinctions are recognized among citizens; and yet, in defiance of this guaranty of equal rights, in Providence, Newport and Bristol colored children are compelled to attend caste schools, or to go uneducated. Year after year the colored citizens of that State have made a respectful but manly protest to the General Assembly against such illegal and unrighteous treatment, but hitherto in vain. The Committee on Education in the present Legislature, after careful examination, and hearing argument on both sides, have submitted a report concluding as follows:

"Your committee have unanimously come to the conclusion that the petitioners ask only for that which it is right and just they should have. They ask only that they may have the same rights with other citizens of their districts, and the same right with other citizens of the city in the High School.

"If these rights are denied, two grades of citizens are recognized by the law—the white citizens, with full and perfect rights, and the colored citizens, with different, imperfect and abridged rights. We do not believe that it is sound policy in a State thus to apportion different rights to different classes of its citizens. Especially is this true when so vital a matter as public education is concerned; and we do believe that whatever rights or privileges the State gives to one citizen should be given equally to all; and that before the law all citizens, irrespective of color, race or religion, should stand on a true equality.

"We therefore recommend that the prayer of the petitioners be granted, and the accompanying act passed."

The report is signed by A. M. Gammell, Chairman, and also by A. Woodbury, R. Hazard, Edward Gray, Jr., and John S. Fiske.

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY (Asa, Lizzie, Abby, Fred. and little Dennett) are engaged to sing for the Sanitary Fair, in the new building on Union Square, on Wednesday evening next. On Thursday evening, the 7th, they will give a concert in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, on Fulton avenue, when they will sing their new songs of "Freedom, Unity and Victory." On Friday evening, the 8th, they will give a concert at the Cooper Institute—their only one in this city for the present. Go and hear them.

THE DEATH OF OWEN LOVEJOY.

FUNERAL SERVICES IN BROOKLYN.

THE death of the Hon. OWEN LOVEJOY, Representative in Congress from Illinois, is duly recorded in another column, together with a brief sketch of his life and public services in the cause of freedom. Our readers, however, would hardly forgive us if we failed to give them an account of the very interesting funeral services, held in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, on Monday afternoon. The church, though not crowded, was well filled by a congregation embracing many eminent friends of the anti-slavery cause, who, appreciating the great moral worth and fidelity of Mr. Lovejoy, were anxious to pay a heartfelt tribute of respect to his memory. The body was borne into the church, preceded by the officiating clergymen and followed by a procession of gentlemen who, during the lifetime of the deceased, had been his co-workers in the anti slavery cause. The following named gentlemen acted as pallbearers: William Cullen Bryant, J. H. Bryant of Illinois, L. Tappan, Dr. Ritter, Mr. Carpenter, Rev. Mr. Jocelyn, Dr. Dexter Fairbank, and Mr. Davis, a liberated slave.

The services commenced with an anthem, which was followed with an invocation by Rev. H. W. Beecher. Selections from the Scriptures were then read by the Rev. Dr. Cheever, closing with Matthew xxv. 31–46. Dr. Cheever then delivered a brief address, as follows:

DR. CHEEVER'S ADDRESS.

Of all the Scriptures that could be read on this occasion, perhaps this last portion ("Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me") is the most appropriate. The nation mourns, to-day, a leader and standard-bearer. A prince in Israel has fallen. Our brother has fallen at perhaps the most critical period of the moral battle, at his post, borne down with the incessant labor of the conflict for freedom, justice, truth, and righteousness—for the salvation of his beloved country by freedom and justice in the name of the Lord. We can ill afford to lose one such hero. Heroes, alas, are not so plenty in our days, or in our country, whether in the battle-field, with sword and cannon, or in the more solemn, sacred and awful arena where our brother, in the good providence of God, was so distinguished and successful a warrior and leader. Who will rise up to fill his place? Surely God will, if He means to save the Nation, raise up and baptize from among the companions of our departed brother another leader like unto him. In recurring to the history of him whom God hath taken from this warfare to his rest, my mind reverts to three particular points, which I shall only glance at. First, the event of the murder of his brother in 1837. Then he consecrated himself to earnest, intense, and assiduous labor in behalf of the oppressed. From that time he seemed to call aloud like the prophet of old, "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?" And in 1842, we saw him, as it were, smiting the stream with the mantle of the departed prophet. He preached a sermon then, an extract from which will be read to you, from the text, "We must obey God rather than man," and in that discourse he called upon his hearers to consecrate themselves to the work of obeying God rather than man, in the terrific conflict for the rights of the enslaved, even at the peril and cost of martyrdom, and declared that, God helping him, he never would obey man when God's command forbade him, but would obey God, rather, though he should die in so doing. The conflict thickened. We can almost see the stalwart form of our steadfast brother in the midst of infuriated demons in the House of Representatives, confronting them to their faces, as they gnashed upon him ready to destroy him. We all remember that signal instance when, it having been declared treason against this country and its Constitution to shelter a fugitive from bondage, and those who dared to do such an act were denounced as thieves and stealers of slaves, who deserved the highest penalty of the law, Mr. Lovejoy stood up and defied that infamous law and its penalty, declaring that he would obey God in breaking it even to the death. "I live," said he, "in Princeton, Illinois; the road to my dwelling is so plain that it cannot be mistaken; but I give you the landmarks by which you cannot fail to find it. My front door is always open to the fugitive slave, and always shall be; and any panting fugitive fleeing from his cruel oppressors shall be received into my house and there protected; and woe be to the first slave-hunter that dares attempt to cross my threshold to seize him." The next instance that I will advert to was just upon the eve of the breaking out of the rebellion, when it had been resolved to amend our Constitution in behalf of slavery, so as to render it safe from all interference south of a certain line. On that occasion, Mr. Lovejoy declared that never had there been a revolt so causeless or so infernal since Satan led the cohorts of rebel angels against the throne of God in heaven, and he had never learned that God offered any compromise with the rebel angels, giving them the privilege of rebellion in hell south of 36° 30′. The effect was electrical, and the speech went all over the land. The last instance of the faithfulness of our departed brother was when he brought in a bill for entire and unconditional emancipation throughout the United States. And that bill he was laboring upon even to the hour of his death. I am told that after his arrival in this city from Washington, with the disease preying upon him, he rose up, and as if with the original strength of his iron constitution he could by an effort of the will shake off the disease, he said, "I must go to my place in Congress and see that my bill is carried through." But God permitted him only to behold the land beyond Jordan. He took him away in the midst of his unfinished labors. Our brother has entered into the rest of the people of God. O, the blessedness of that welcome, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." His active life, with labor incessant and intense enough to have crushed half a dozen common men, was devoted entirely to this one grand aim of deliverance of the millions of the enslaved. It was but a continued ministry in their behalf when he left his parish where he had labored for sixteen years so successfully, and entered upon his post as Representative in Congress. One of the morning papers states that in 1854 he left the ministry and devoted himself to politics. It should have been written: He changed his pulpit, but continued his Ministry, with the nation as his audience. He did not leave the Ministry—he never left it. He continued its sacred labors in that one direction pointed out by God. Our politics needed such a Ministry, and as he could not bring the people of the nation to his pulpit in Princeton, he took for his pulpit the halls of Congress, and there preached Christ and Him crucified in behalf of those for whom Christ died. With the heart of a smitten, bereaved brother, I speak to-day; but at the same time I feel that our personal griefs—I had almost said the bitter, inexpressible griefs of the dear family from whom God has taken so beloved a head—are swallowed up in the depths of the national bereavement. We mourn over his loss as a nation. May God in his mercy grant that as the spirit of Elijah, the martyred brother, fell upon him whose death we mourn to-day, so the spirit and mantle of both these prophets may fall upon us all, and that we may have grace each in our sphere to labor so that when we come to die there may be ministered to us the ineffable consolation that was brought to his spirit in his dying hour—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

The following hymn, composed since the death of Mr. Lovejoy by J. H. Bryant, brother of Wm. Cullen Bryant, was then sung:

O lay him in his place of rest—
His earnest, stormy life is o'er:
Let the green sods of Spring be prest
Around the form we see no more.

How throbbed his warm and generous heart,
What mighty passions trilled his frame;
How beamed his eye with sudden start
At sound of Freedom's holy name.

To her he gave his earnest life,
And toiled through seeming hopeless years,
Long years of scorn and hate and strife,
Till now her glorious day appears.

Strong words of truth that cannot die
He spoke in stern and high debate;
With manly front and dauntless eye
Met the wild charge of rebel hate.

As Moses from the mountain steep,
He saw the enfranchised land before.
He leaves the boon for us to keep;
His work was done, he asked no more.

MR. BEECHER'S ADDRESS.

The Rev. Mr. BEECHER then spoke as follows: The body of our deceased brother will be removed to-morrow, under the charge of a Committee of Congress, and conveyed to his own State, there to be buried, and there, doubtless, fitting pens and voices will be found to give the memorial of his life, the outlines of his character, and his proper eulogy. And yet we felt that it was not meet, since he was the guest of our city, and rendered up his life to God here, that his remains should go forth from Brooklyn without appropriate funeral services, and we asked the privilege of paying our respects to his memory and honoring his dust, glad that the time has come at last when men who have reaped abundant contempt and scorn for their fidelity should be honored, and honored for the very same qualities for which they have been scoffed at. Ever since my youngest manhood, almost in the year that I emerged from minority, Mr. Lovejoy's name had been familiar to me. I have watched his course and sympathized with him, regarding him early as a leader, and in later years as a companion in the great conflict of our age. For the outer work which Christianity has had to do in your lifetime and mine has been the work of reasserting liberty in a land which had let her altar fires go out, and let her lamps stand without oil in them; and in that great work Mr. Lovejoy has had an honorable and an eminent place. He has carried himself so as to have the unbroken confidence of his co-laborers, and now the sincere respect and honor and affection of all men who love liberty and true Christian patriotism; and yet I call you to bear witness that this man, whose name will be written in our history, this man, who will never be forgotten, has made himself memorable not by the rare combination of traits that constitute genius, not by such uncommon power as compels effects, but by simple manliness in a time when men were scarce, and by simple fidelity to moral convictions. Owen Lovejoy is evidence that a man may become heroic by the practice of the simplest moral elements. I think he was preordained for the position that he has occupied, and built for it. It is true that a man may, by force of conscience, do things which ought to be done, against his susceptibilities and his feelings; and there is many a man that fain would have done battle for freedom, but was so organized that to do it was a perpetual torment and pain to him. It has been with extreme difficulty that some of these men have maintained themselves, and it was too much to advance. Mr. Lovejoy was so organized that to do what he thought right was no pain and required no special resolution. He was built broad, and square, and strong; to be healthy and courageous. I think, therefore, that we ought to bless God that he sent this man, and equipped him when he sent him—a man who did his duty so easily and naturally that it required no extraordinary effort. But while he was a fearless man, he was not a malignant nor an irritable man. He never fought with animosity; still less did he ever quarrel. He never scolded. To speak of Owen Lovejoy as a querulous, irritable reformer, is as foreign as possible from the truth. He was a genial, smiling, good-natured, honest-hearted, open-handed man, that every man must sympathize with and respect, even those whom he used to drub; for he was called to do a great deal of that disagreeable work in his lifetime, especially in the later periods of his public life. Every one who knew him may bear witness that it was not the love of morbid anatomy; it was not a sort of fierce hatred of evil alone, it was the love of good and the sweet open-hearted love of that, and that alone, that impelled him. And to the end of his life he maintained healthiness. He was not a morbid reformer in any sense. God endowed him with a constitution that was needed for the work that he did, and with the requisite mental traits. He also ordained that he should have a right education, and, therefore, he made him the child of a good mother. Largely to her he owed those qualities which have made him what he was. It was she that instructed him more than all others, especially in patriotism. It was she that used to take up *The Emancipator* that Dr. Leavitt edited, and read the editorials in his hearing, exclaiming as she went on sentence after sentence as she sat by the fire, "Well done, Mr. Leavitt." Thus she sowed the seeds of sacred truths and covered them down with maternal love; and such seed sown in such a heart, by a mother's hand, could not fail to bring forth a good harvest. He put himself through college. He may be said to have been a self-educated man, as all men are who are educated at all. He prepared for the ministry. He offered himself to be licensed in the Episcopal Church. They proposed to do it upon condition that he would promise not to agitate the Church by discussing the unpopular subject of slavery. He turned his back on them, and told them if they would not give him his license with freedom, he would not take one. He forsook them, and took out a license in the Congregational Church—where he should have gone first—without conditions, and I need not tell you that he never preached a gospel which left out human rights and human liberties. In preaching he felt that there was a spiritual element, and he was faithful in the discharge of his ministerial duties in that direction, but he also felt that that spiritual element should never absorb and hide the ethical, and that the preponderance of the one or the other must be determined in the providence of God by the exigencies of the community; and in his time the exigencies of the community required that the gospel should tell what were the rights of man. And in the region where he lived he educated public sentiment and brought men to feel that religion inspired liberty, and that piety, one of the evidences of it, should be the love of liberty for one's self and one's fellows. It has been very happily said this morning, that he changed the sphere of his ministry and did not lay it down, for he was a man of God in Congress, and in all his political and public life he was still carrying out the great truths of the gospel, giving them emphasis and practical force in the labors of reform which occupied the last years of his life. What was the intensity of his feeling and the heroism that his religion had inspired in him, you may judge in part from the lion-like conduct of his brother—and he was a man of the same sort—who died a martyr and poured out his blood for liberty of speech and of conscience. You may judge it by the words that he spoke everywhere with fearlessness. I will read two paragraphs. Imagine a whole sermon flaming like this, and borne out, too, by a man whose whole life showed that he meant every word he spoke:

"What if we are fined? Shall we be the first Christians that were spoiled of their goods? Did you never hear of any who took the 'spoiling of their goods joyfully!' What if we do die a violent death? Thus the Lord Jesus Christ died—thus Peter, Paul, and other Apostles died—thus the glorious company of Martyrs died—thus Cranmer, Latimer, and Rogers died—thus Hampden, Sidney and Emmet died—thus Elijah Parish Lovejoy died, and thus, God's grace helping him, will Owen Lovejoy die, rather than yield obedience to human law which conflicts with the Divine.

"Mother, can you not spare another son!*

"Beside the prostrate body of that murdered brother, while the fresh blood was oozing from his perforated breast, on my knees while alone with the dead and with God, I vowed never to forsake the cause that was sprinkled with his blood. The oath was written in blood. It must stand. Am I alone in this matter? No, I thank God that I am not. I see by the tearful eye and compressed lip that there are others here, into whose melted hearts the fixed resolution is now sinking, TO OBEY GOD RATHER THAN MAN—WHO WILL DO OR DIE."

Is there anything better than that spoken in our literature or in our history? anything better done than that man's life of which this is but one spark, the whole life being a brand of the same kind? But he has been simply a man faithful to conviction, faithful to religion, faithful to the example of his Master, and gone through the perils of a stormy period till he saw already the twilight of the coming dawn. The night is far spent and the day of his land, his native land, is at hand, and his eternal day nearer than he thought. The sickness which has terminated his mortal career he thought not to be unto death, and he struggled against it with fervor and courage, believing that his Master had work for him to do here still; and he had. "Though dead, he yet speaketh." Do you believe that there is a young man bred on the prairies of Illinois, or in all her Counties, that is susceptible to heroism and nobleness, that will not be inspired by the example and words of Owen Lovejoy? He has not half done his work yet. He will go on working from year to year, as every noble nature does that is faithful in his day and generation. He sows then the seed which comes up chiefly after he is gone. Our brother said that the nation mourns him. I am not one of the mourners. I never mourn a good man when he goes to Heaven. I cannot mourn for him. I do not mourn for the nation. His words and his example have educated hundreds and thousands to take his place and to carry forward his work. Release has been given him; his Master has called him to a higher sphere and nobler labor, and his work goes right on. As when a drop is taken from the ocean, it is replaced by another drop, and there is no void, so in the fathomless sea of God's great tide of liberty there is no void to-day; the stream is no shallower, the current no less forcible. He rests and rejoices; we work and rejoice, thanking God that He has raised up such a man to take part in His work. Such is the state of things that we can spare such a man. We are working and have not much chance in our lifetime to talk with the co-workers. We shall meet him and talk with him ere long, when we wake from this dream of life and take our crown, as he has taken his, and receive the welcome, as doubtless he has received it, from the lips of the Master.

After prayer by the Rev. Dr. Storrs, the hymn known as "Shining Shore" was sung; then followed the benediction, after which the coffin was opened and crowds pressed forward in solemn procession to look at the face of the dead.

* His mother is a member of the writer's congregation.

HONORS TO MR. LOVEJOY IN CONGRESS.

The death of Mr. Lovejoy was announced in Congress on Monday by his colleague, Mr. Washburne. Mr. W. said the deceased was great in the leading of his life, great in his convictions, great in the elements of his character, great in courage, and great in his abiding and ever-living faith in the ultimate triumph of the eternal principles of right, justice and humanity. Early impressed with convictions on the subject of slavery, he pursued them with unswerving fidelity, in the face of danger, obloquy and reproach. The tragic fate of a beloved brother quickened his natural abhorrence of slavery. In the advancement of the great idea of his life, no dangers daunted and no labors tired. The heated denunciations of partisans, the ridicule and clamor of the vulgar, and the threats of the cowardly and the base, failed alike to turn him from the great purpose of his life. If he did not live to see the end of that stupendous struggle which was to establish the great problem which he had spent his life in working out, like Moses he saw the Promised Land, bright and beautiful, as the last object upon which his expiring eyes fell. He had served his country and his constituents with distinguished ability and usefulness. As a legislator he was wise, intelligent, practical, vigilant, and independent, and above all he was incorruptible. He has been spoken of as a public man, but who shall speak of the virtues which adorned his private life! Who shall speak of him as a husband! father! friend! neighbor! citizen! He was so genial in his intercourse, of a sympathy so quick and ready, so kind, so affectionate and so generous, that there seemed combined in him all those qualities which challenged the love and admiration of those who knew him best and which disarmed the resentment of his enemies, and endeared him to the hearts of his friends.

James C. Allen (Dem., Ill.) had known the deceased as a fearless and bold advocate of his opinions, always vigorously pressing on to accomplish those ends which he thought best to promote the interests of his country and race. His late colleague was of extensive scholarly acquirements, possessing high forensic power, and always formidable in debate. Although he and the deceased differed in opinions, in their personal intercourse nothing ever occurred to disturb their mutual good feeling.

Mr. Stevens (Un., Pa.) said Mr. Lovejoy was so clear in his perceptions and so forcible in his diction that nobody could misunderstand him. His great heart was ever alive to human freedom. He was not afraid to vindicate the right anywhere, and was not ashamed to unite in the same worship and kneel at the same altar with the oppressed. The only regret is that he did not live to see peace and union restored, and universal emancipation in his native land.

Mr. Farnsworth (Un., Ill.) remarked, that though his colleague did not live to see the end of slavery, he had witnessed its death throes. He was kind and good—a good neighbor—a friend of the weak and oppressed. The panting fugitive from the lash of the overseer found ready relief, and was pointed by him to the Northern star and sent on his way rejoicing.

Mr. Pendleton (Dem., Ohio) said, after the friends of the deceased had strewed the bier with roses made fragrant by their affections, he paid his tribute of respect. He spoke of Mr. Lovejoy as a prompt and ready debater and a vigorous thinker. What he believed he expressed, and was at all times prepared to defend his positions.

Mr. Odell (Dem., N. Y.) said Mr. Lovejoy died in his district, in the immediate neighborhood of his home, attended in his last days by mutual friends. No public man had more admirers in Brooklyn than their brother. His efforts to suppress the rebellion were paramount to all other considerations. He was social, genial, kind, and outspoken. In these degenerate days, when corruption stalks abroad, might it be said of each of them now here as it could be said of the deceased—he was an honest man. He (Odell) would profit by the lesson here presented of the shortness of life, and desired that all might so live as to gain a title to "that inheritance which is incorruptible and that fadeth not away."

Messrs. Pike (Me.), Ashley (Ohio), Norton (Ill.), Davis (N. Y.), Grinnell (Iowa), Morrill (Vt.), and Arnold (Ill.), severally paid their tribute to the memory of the deceased.

The usual resolutions of condolence and regret were passed, and a Committee of three appointed, consisting of Messrs. Farnsworth (Ill.), Rice (Me.), and Ross (Ill.), to superintend the removal of Mr. Lovejoy's remains from Brooklyn to Illinois.

A dispatch from Washington to *The Tribune* says: "The eulogies pronounced on Owen Lovejoy in the House to-day, constituted the most remarkable demonstration of admiration, respect, and love that has been made on the occasion of the death of a member of that body since the departure of John Quincy Adams. From both sides of the House, and from partisans of life-long opposition to the distinguished Illinoisian, tributes came spontaneously. The eulogy from Mr. Pendleton, of the Southern Ohio Democracy, exceeded all for its tender and generous appreciation of the dead orator of Abolition."

The death of Mr. Lovejoy was announced in the Senate on Tuesday, by Mr. Trumbull of Illinois, who paid an eloquent tribute to his memory. Brief remarks were also made by Mr. Pomeroy and Mr. Sumner. The latter said: It was proposed to adjourn now in respect to the memory of the deceased, but could the wishes of the late representative prevail, the Senate would sit and perfect measures for the abolition of slavery; such an act would be more acceptable to him, if living, than any words of compliment, for he was a man of deeds, not words, and in the language of an Oriental writer, "Words are the daughters of Earth, deeds of the sons of Heaven." It would be in vain that we passed tributes to Mr. Lovejoy if we did not heed his voice and pass resolutions against slavery. The deceased was a positive man and a faithful legislator—when other men were timid he was unhesitating. Though he was a hater of slavery, he was a steadfast lover of his whole country. The place vacated by the lamented departed will be hard to fill.

SLAVERY IN CUBA.

HANOVER (GERMANY), February 25th, 1863.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: Notwithstanding that I have not the honor of being personally acquainted with you, the name of the paper which you direct developes in my heart a great sympathy for your ideas respecting the equal rights of all human beings, and such a sympathy gives me courage enough for taking the liberty of writing you these lines in order to present you a short pamphlet which I have just written. Its name is: "*Cuba y la Emancipacion de sus Esclavos*," and I send it direct by the post. I wish I could have asked in it the prompt and total emancipation of our Cuban slavery, but I thought it would have been at once too much of a claim for the Cuban people, of which—I am sorry to confess it—the three-fourths are still for the continuance of the slave system Nevertheless, I shall be very happy to hear your opinion about this question respecting us the Cubans, and if the ideas expressed in my pamphlet are in accordance with yours. That opinion of yours may be of great influence and a great help for me, if you express it in the columns of one of the next numbers of your paper. Then I would request you to send me that number by the post. I desire to know also the terms of subscription.

Please, sir, to accept this little work which I have written with no other merits than my good wishes in favor of the emancipation of Cuban slavery, and please to accept also the true friendship of your most obedient servant, D. DURAMA DE OCHOA.

The pamphlet above spoken of has not yet come to hand.—*Editor.*

THE RECORD OF A YEAR.—It is hardly necessary to direct the attention of our readers to the Thirtieth Annual Report—from the pen of MARY GREW—of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society, which we have placed on the first page. It is, in the first place, a record, not less truthful than encouraging, of the progress made by the nation toward liberty in a single year; and, in the second place, a timely warning to the Abolitionists that their work is not all done, and that, instead of putting off the harness, they must gird themselves for new labors. The successes of the past are employed, not as an opiate, but as a Divinely appointed stimulus to the courage and zeal of the faithful workers in the cause. The word of truth, thus rightly divided and faithfully applied, will do its work in the minds and hearts upon which it falls.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH REGIMENT U. S. COLORED TROOPS.

LAST Saturday was the day appointed for the departure from this city of the 26th Regiment U. S. Colored Troops—it being the second regiment recruited under the auspices of the Union League Club. The arrangements were all made for a Flag Presentation at Madison Square and the marching of the regiment through the Fifth Avenue and Broadway; but the storm was so severe that these arrangements could not be carried out, and as the departure of the regiment could not be delayed a moment beyond the time appointed, the men were conveyed from Riker's Island on Sunday morning in barges to the steamer Warrior, lying in North river, at the foot of Canal street. There they were met by a Committee of the Union League Club, and an elegant stand of colors was presented to them, on behalf of the ladies of New York, by JOHN JAY, Esq. Mr. J. accompanied the presentation by the following chaste address:

MR. JAY'S ADDRESS.

SOLDIERS OF THE 26TH REGIMENT OF UNITED STATES COLORED TROOPS: On behalf of the ladies of New York, who have prepared for you a stand of colors, I offer you a cordial greeting and a hearty God speed!

They had hoped, in common with tens of thousands of our fellow-citizens, to greet you in person yesterday. This, to their exceeding disappointment, the storm prevented. The arrangements of the government and the needs of the country require you to depart to-day. We, therefore, come on this beautiful Easter morning, consecrated to faith and hope, to give you, as you depart on your sacred mission of high duty, our kind farewell. We greet you as Christians for ages have greeted each other on this sacred anniversary of Christ's resurrection. We invoke for you the favor and protection of our risen Lord, triumphant over sin and death.

The President has called upon you to unite with your fellow-citizens in defending the integrity, the supremacy, and the honor of our country.

Trusting implicitly to the National Faith, which the President, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the United States, has solemnly pledged in public Proclamations, you have promptly responded to that call; and without doubt, hesitation, or condition, you offer your lives for the defense of our common country, and our common freedom. Organized by the National authority, you are henceforth a permanent part of the army of the Republic.

Already have thousands of your race, suddenly elevated from a condition of bondage, faced the rebel cannon and sharpshooters at Vicksburg, Port Hudson, Fort Wagner, Milliken's Bend, and other battle-fields of the South, with a heroism that has extorted the admiration and the gratitude of the American people. They have vindicated, by the highest ordeal, the right and capacity of their race to share with us the blessings which they have assisted to secure for the Nation.

To day you go forth from home, family and friends to emulate their bright example, and to do bravely, with God's help, your part in the great contest.

Your going enables a thousand citizens of New York, liable to military service, to remain at home; and you leave behind you those who will watch with interest every onward step in your career, and who will remember you constantly in their prayers.

If you return, as God grant many of you may, crowned with glory and victory, you will receive the warm welcome due to your patriotism and valor; and if you fall, as fall you may, your memories will be fondly cherished with those of the noble-hearted, who have died for their country.

[The speaker here read the address of the ladies of the City of New York, accompanying the flag. As it is in the same terms, and from the same ladies as in the case of the 20th regiment, we do not repeat it.] Mr. Jay continued:

COL. SILLIMAN: In the names of these ladies and at the request of the Committee on Volunteering of the Union League Club, to whom the country is indebted for this second regiment organized by their efforts, I have the honor to present to you this stand of colors.

Your heroic conduct on the hard fought field of Gettysburg, and at Chancellorsville, where you saved the colors of the 124th New York, and brought out but a remnant of your command, assures us that we could not intrust them to worthier hands.

Our republican system, which again

ried up a basket full of delicacies, which were highly enjoyed by the soldiers. On the return of the company they brought away over forty thousand dollars, which the soldiers had left for their families.

On Monday evening a crowded meeting was held in Mr. Garnet's church, corner of Prince and Marion streets, for the purpose of raising a fund for the benefit of sick and wounded colored soldiers. The church was tastefully decorated with flags, the singing excellent, and the speaking creditable to those who spoke, who were nearly all colored men. Among the gentlemen present on the occasion was the Hon. George Bancroft. A good beginning was made in raising funds for the object for which the meeting was held.

From 200 to 300 men are already enlisted for the third colored regiment from this State, known as the Thirty-first Regiment United States Colored Troops.

PERSONAL.

The Union State Convention of California adopted a resolution in memory of Thomas Starr King. The vote was taken by rising, the whole Convention standing in solemn silence, while many were moved to tears!

Wm. S. Heywood, having closed a successful lecturing tour in the interior of this State, where he has labored to general acceptance in company with Aaron M. Powell, passed through this city the present week, on his way to his home in Massachusetts.

The New York correspondent of *The Commonwealth*, in his last letter, says: "I suppose you know that Wendell Phillips Garrison, a son of the great Liberator, is on the editorial staff of *The Independent*. He is a very accomplished and pleasant gentleman, whom to know is to love."

We regret that we cannot make room this week for a letter which we have received from George L. Stearns, Esq., explaining the grounds upon which he resigned his agency for recruiting colored soldiers. It shall appear next week.

It is reported that Major-Gen. Fremont has gone to Washington at the request of the President; but whether he was summoned thither for military or political reasons is not stated. Is the General at last to have a command? Or is the President still in bondage to those political adventurers and malignants, the Blairs? We shall see.

Philip D. Moore, formerly of Newark, N. J., and well known to many of our readers as a Radical Reformer, is now Collector of Internal Revenue, in Washington Territory, on the distant Pacific. He was previously Deputy Collector of Customs at Port Angeles, the Commercial Capital of the Territory, and discharged the duties of the office with such fidelity as to win the confidence of the entire community. On his return to the Territory, recently, from the East, he was entrusted by the government with a million of dollars, for disbursement on the Pacific coast, and fifty thousand dollars of Revenue Stamps, which he delivered to the Assistant Treasurer at San Francisco.

"Lincoln and Grant," says the Washington correspondent of the Springfield *Republican*, "are on cordial terms of intimacy with each other, and seem determined to remain so. Gen. Grant tells Lincoln's friends that he never will run against him for the Presidency—that he would not take the nomination if he could get it, etc., etc. No doubt the General is sincere in the utterance of these sentiments. Mr. Lincoln feels certain of the nomination next June. I don't believe he has a doubt upon the subject. Nor does he attempt to conceal his pleasure over the prospect. He is no hypocrite, and does not try to make people believe that he is unwilling to be President for another four years. He wants to be and expects to be. No one can tell yet, however, what the result will be, though the Convention is not far off."

CIRCULATE THE EMANCIPATION PETITION!

The Women's National League have mailed from their office, room 20 Cooper Institute, during the past year, fifteen thousand Petitions, and five thousand more will be dispatched the present week.

Having sent copies for circulation to subscribers of anti-slavery and other liberal papers, to Soldiers' Aid and Freedmen's Societies, they are now mailing them extensively to the clergymen of the various denominations, hoping that the Church that has been in times past the strong bulwark of slavery may now redeem herself, make haste to throw the whole of her influence on the side of Freedom, of Justice and Mercy, and thus end the war and secure a lasting peace. Let every clergyman in the land earnestly recommend the circulation of the petition in his congregation, and let women make this their special work.

In each of the petitions sent out is enclosed the admirable speech of Senator Sumner, made February 9th, on the presentation of the first installment of the Emancipation Petition.

While the prayers of the people receive such marked consideration in the Senate of the United States, the work of petitioning is not beneath the attention of the women of the Republic.

The second installment of the Petition will be sent to Washington on the 15th day of April. Fill up the Petitions as speedily as possible, and return them to room 20, Cooper Institute, New York.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher preached a sermon to his congregation, a week ago last Sunday, on the necessity of a National Act of Emancipation and of an Amendment to the Constitution forever prohibiting slavery. He took up a contribution of $200.00 for the Women's Loyal League, to aid them in the work of petitioning Congress. Will not other ministers follow his example?

Here is the form of the Petition above alluded to.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, in Congress assembled:

The undersigned, citizens of ——— ——— believing Slavery the great cause of the present rebellion, and an institution fatal to the life of Republican government, earnestly pray your honorable bodies to immediately abolish it throughout the United States; and to adopt measures for so amending the Constitution as forever to prohibit its existence in any portion of our common country.

A HARD CASE.—Louis Napoleon, the colored man who for some years past has delivered THE STANDARD to subscribers in this city, is well known to many friends of freedom through his services in behalf of fugitive slaves. He and his wife, by their joint efforts for many years, had saved the sum of $300, which they intended to appropriate toward the purchase of a house. A few days since Mrs. Napoleon, in going to church, took her money in her pocket, thinking it would be safer there than it would be if left at home. During her absence, her pocket, unfortunately, was relieved of the whole amount by some adroit thief, and there is no probability that the money will ever be recovered. It is a very hard case. Mr. Napoleon is now an old man, and his wife an invalid, and the loss is greater than they can well bear. Will not the friends who know how faithfully he has worked for the fugitive slave for many years make up the sum to him, in part at least, by their generous contributions? Money may be sent to S. H. Gay, Tribune Office, or to Oliver Johnson, 48 Beekman st.

THE GREAT QUESTION BEFORE THE NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.—We printed a fortnight ago a preamble and resolution, offered in the Assembly at Albany, by Mr. Bryant, a Democratic representative from this city, in favor of amending the Constitution of the United States so as to forever prohibit slavery. On Monday Mr. Bryant made an able speech in support of his resolution. We regret to observe, however, that the Republicans in the Assembly do not seem disposed to support Mr. Bryant's proposition. Mr. Alvord, the Speaker, followed him in a speech, at the close of which he offered a resolution, as a substitute for Mr. Bryant's, merely endorsing the President's Emancipation proclamation! A very lame and impotent conclusion, certainly. It does seem as if some of the leaders of the Republican party were miserable cowards at the best—afraid to take a single step forward, lest they should get ahead of our very slow President.

ARKANSAS.—Of 17,000 votes cast in the recent election in Arkansas only 200 were against ratifying the Constitution abolishing slavery!

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, March 27, 1864.

HENRY WINTER DAVIS of Maryland delivered a very able speech in the House, two or three days ago, upon the question of Reconstruction. This important subject is before the House, and will be very thoroughly discussed before it is voted upon. The real point of difference between Republicans in this matter is this: The friends of the bill insist that Congress shall settle the question of Reconstruction and not the President and his generals. Some of Mr. Lincoln's friends incline to his plan of reconstruction, and to let him carry it out without any action on the part of Congress. A large majority of the Republicans in Congress unquestionably prefer that Congress shall pass some bill which shall settle, for the present at least, the general principles upon which Reconstruction shall go forward. The course of Gen. Banks in ordering an election in Louisiana is disapproved in Congress, and it will probably be found, when the gentlemen about to be elected in that State as members of Congress present themselves to the House, they will be sent back. It is not at all probable that the Senate will consent to receive two Senators from the State of Louisiana at the present time. The general feeling here is that Gen. Banks has been in too great haste—that the President had better wait till the war is a little more successful before he insists upon setting up the State governments again in Rebeldom, and in sending Representatives to the House and Senators to the Senate. Congress is not in the mood at the present time to be outvoted by bogus Representatives from Secessia.

The Blairs do not seem to be gaining ground in Washington at the present time. Since my last letter Frank Blair has made a singular exhibition of himself on the floor of the House. Col. McClurg is also guilty of a breach of the rules of the House, though he conducted himself less reprehensibly than Gen. Blair did. McClurg commenced the attack, and read a letter from Mr. Chase's Treasury Agent at St. Louis, which contained many unparliamentary epithets. It should never have been read, and the Speaker was evidently of this opinion, for he stated to the House soon after it was read that it ought not to have been introduced. Blair is hot and hasty in temperament, and he made a bad exhibition of himself. McClurg kept cool through the whole of the quarrel, but Blair lost his temper. The Investigating Committee raised to inquire into the matter is at work, and the enemies of Mr. Blair express themselves as very confident that the evidence will be very strong against him. However that fact may be, it is certain that the Blairs have lost ground politically this Winter with almost everybody but the President. Mr. Lincoln seems to cling closer than ever to his Postmaster General. He has a natural liking for that kind of a man. The Blairs are all of them extremely social, and they know very well how to fasten themselves upon the President. I have never been among those who refuse to give the Blairs credit for ability. They are not lacking in talent, and especially a sort of diplomatic talent. Frank Blair would be an exceedingly smart man in Congress, if he would conquer his passions and prejudices. But a Missouri squabble possesses more attractions for him than any attempt at statesmanship. I must confess that this seems also true of some of his Radical colleagues from Missouri. They all cling to their State politics too much, and cannot lift themselves above it.

New York sends one man to Congress who is in some respects worse than Fernando Wood. His name is Chanler. Wood is bold and direct in his opposition to the Administration and the war; Chanler is indirect, malicious and sometimes malignant. Thad. Stevens of Pennsylvania gave him a reply that he will remember for a long time, in a debate the other day upon Mr. Kernan's reckless charge that the government has paid the transportation expenses *of civilians* going home to vote in Northern elections. I understand the charge is utterly false, and doubtless the object of Kernan was to get a Committee of Investigation headed by himself and sent upon a "roving commission" after facts for the Presidential canvass. Thad. Stevens proposed to let the charge go to the Committee on the Conduct of the War, now in existence. Chanler made his little speech, and it was the *manner* of its delivery that gave the point to its many mean insinuations. He said:

"I will inform the gentleman that the discussion upon this amendment has turned upon the matter of this investigation, which it is very well known the gentleman from New York stands ready to move whenever the proper opportunity offers in the House. The whole drift of this debate has been to that effect. Upon that proposed investigation the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means turned upon my colleague from New York and demanded that inasmuch as he had asked an investigation he should transfer that investigation to a Committee already existing; so I understand the gentleman to have said.

"Now, sir, the point before this Committee is one of honor and of honesty. These gentlemen propose to smut over the inquiry. They do not like the name of "whitewashing Committee." Let them have their own name and their own way, but let us on this side of the House have the truth. All want the light.

"If the gentleman from New York, my colleague, is right, if he proves his case, then the gentleman from Massachusetts admits that his Committee is a whitewashing Committee. He has accepted the proposition that if the charge is true his Committee is a whitewashing Committee. He admitted it in his argument.

"Now, to remove himself from the impropriety of his position, from the dilemma of his own choice, he must in honor and fairness permit this question to come before a Committee for investigation, and I understand my colleague is ready to move such an investigation. I ask this House whether this charge which has been made is to be turned off by these personal assaults? What we desire is an investigation for truth."

If my memory serves me right, there was an allusion to Mr. Stevens in the speech which I do not find in *The Globe*. At any rate Mr. Stevens replied as follows:

"I do not rise to answer the gentleman, but merely to see whether this debate cannot be brought to a close. The gentleman who has just spoken need not fear that; I will make any insinuation or sneer or thrust at him; there are some reptiles so flat that the common foot of man cannot crush them (laughter). I move that the Committee rise for the purpose of closing this debate."

The manner of Mr. Stevens will not be forgotten by those who took notice of it. It was in his best (or worst?) style, and it seemed for the moment that the old man's club-foot was upon the New York copperhead and vainly endeavoring to crush him to the earth.

Gen. Grant is doing a great work in the army—a better work than sending bullets at the enemy, for he is cutting off the heads of some of our friends. He is weeding out bad Generals and officers from the army. The work should have been done long ago. The army of the Potomac has been full of pro-slavery, McClellan, anti-Republican, fault-finding officers, and it is time that these Jonahs were sent home. No army with such men in it can win victories, and Gen. Grant knows it. He has dismissed one General, who is a notorious drunkard, within a week. Somebody asked Gen. Grant when he passed through Washington how long it would be before he would be ready to fight. His reply was, "I shan't fight *till I am ready*." That was his only reply, and it was a fitting reply. He intends to reorganize the army and put it into a condition to fight, and then he will run but a slight risk of failure. This is unquestionably his true policy.

There is but little doing here in politics. There is quiet, and one hears very little about Presidential candidates. This is as it should be. The whole matter should be postponed as long as is possible. It would be a great deal better if the Convention could be put off till September, but if that may not be, certainly the Convention should be at liberty to select the best candidate *in June*, and no attempt should be made to forestall its action—in March.

AVON.

GERRIT SMITH AS AN ACTOR.—Col. C. D. Miller and Greene Smith (son-in-law and son of Gerrit Smith), assisted by a number of ladies and gentlemen, lately gave three entertainments in Peterboro for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission. The church, says a correspondent of *The Tribune*, was well filled by the citizens of the place on the first two evenings to witness the charades and beautiful tableaux which had been prepared. Buckstone's comedy, "The Irish Lion," was finely performed each evening. On the third evening, March 23d., the crowd filled every nook and corner; for, in addition to the other attractions, the Hon. Gerrit Smith appeared in Moorish costume and declaimed in fine style Othello's address to the Senate, etc. His daughter, Mrs. Miller, appeared as Desdemona. So grand a personation of the brave but jealous Moor, says the correspondent, is seldom seen.

MR. THOMPSON'S MOVEMENTS.—As the reader will see by the notice in another column, GEORGE THOMPSON, Esq., will speak in the Academy of Music, in Philadelphia, on Monday evening next. On Wednesday evening, by invitation of the Vice-President of the United States and many members of the Senate and House, he will speak in the Hall of the House Representatives, of in Washington. The telegraphic report that the House had refused to grant the use of the Hall was a blunder. On returning from Washington, Mr. Thompson will proceed to western New York as far as Rochester, to fulfill lecturing engagements in that quarter; returning in season to be at the Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, May 10th.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE AMERICAN CONFLICT: A History of the Great Rebellion. By HORACE GREELEY. Hartford: O. D. Case & Co., John C. Derby, Agent for New York.

"Specimen Pages" of this History were received and noticed by us some months since; and now we have to acknowledge the receipt of another and a continuous portion thereof, viz: from p. 145 to p. 272 of the first volume, inclusive. A glance at this second instalment of the work confirms us in the favorable judgment we expressed in the beginning. Of all the histories of the Rebellion thus far projected, this, so far as we know, is the only one that even professes to treat "especially if its Moral and Political Phases," and to trace its "causes, incidents and results" in connection with the "Drift and Progress of American Opinion respecting Human Slavery from 1776 to 1864." In other words, it is the only History of the Rebellion that deals thoroughly with its primary root and cause. Of the 128 pages before us, 31 are devoted to the Conspiracy which ended in the Annexation of Texas; 8 to "The Mission of Samuel Hoar" to South Carolina, as the accredited agent of Massachusetts, in 1844, to take the necessary steps for testing in the U. S. Supreme Court the Constitutionality of the laws of the former State imprisoning the colored seamen of the latter; 13 to a history of the Wilmot Proviso; 12 to the Compromises of 1850; 14 to "The Era of Slave-Hunting" that followed the enactment of the Fugitive Slave law of 1850; 27 to "The Nebraska-Kansas Struggle"; 13 to "The Dred Scott Case," and 8 to "Our Foreign Policy," especially in relation to Cuba. These subjects are all treated succinctly, but with every necessary detail, and in their proper relations to each other as well as to the power and growth of the Slave Power and to the prominent men and parties of the past.

The first volume of this History will be issued early in May. The demand for it, we learn, is unexpectedly large, extending already to 15,000 copies, and still rapidly increasing.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY for April (New York, John F. Trow) contains the following articles: "Sir Charles Lyell on the Antiquity of Man," by a Presbyterian; Clergyman; "Ænone;" "The Young Author's Dream," by Elwin R. Johnson; "The Great Lakes to St. Paul," by Robert Dodge; "English and American Taxation," by Egbert Hurd; "Aphorisms," by Rev. Asa Colton; "The Love Lucifer," by S. Leavitt; "Sketches of American Life and Scenery," by L. D. Pychowska; "Our Government and the Blacks," by Wm. H. Kimball; "Out of Prison," by Kate Putnam; "Lies and How to Kill Them," by Hugh Miller Thompson; Was He Successful?" by Richard B. Kimball; "Benedict of Nursia and the Order of Benedictines," by Rev. Ph. Schaff, D.D.; "Hannah Thurston"; "Glorious!" by L. G. W.; "The Isle of Springs," by Rev. Mr. Starbuck; "The Development of American Architecture," by A. W. Colgate; "Jefferson Davis and Repudiation of Arkansas Bonds," by Hon. R. J. Walker; "Literary Notices;" "Editors Table."

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for April (Boston, Ticknor and Fields) opens with an article by C. C. Hazewell, "Fighting Facts for Fogies," tending to prove the incorrectness of the popular notion that only young men possess the energy and activity necessary for high military command. The facts cited by the writer certainly make a strong case for the old generals. "The First Visit to Washington" is an interesting sketch of the early life of Salmon P. Chase. "Fouquet the Magnificent," by F. Sheldon, recounts the career and fall of the former Superintendent of Finance under Louis XIV., who ended his life by twenty years confinement in a dungeon. "Pictor Ignotus," by Gail Hamilton, is a review of the life and works of the artist William Blake. Mrs. Stowe contributes another of her charming "House and Home Papers." "The Schoolmaster's Story," by A. M. Diaz, is one of the best we have seen in *The Atlantic* for months. "Among the Mormons," by Fitz Henry Ludlow, gives a more favorable account of that strange sect than we expected to see. "Our Progressive Independence," by O. W. Holmes, is a strong and truthful statement of the questions at issue in the present war as they affect the relations of America with Great Britain. The poems of the number are three, viz.: "The Wreck of Rivermouth," by Whittier; "The Black Preacher," by Lowell; and "On Picket Duty."

Obituary.

LYDIA L. GRIFFIN.

In Philadelphia, on the 17th ult., LYDIA L., wife of Dr. Edwin Griffin, in the 55th year of her age. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

Mournfully the pen of the faithful biographer records the demise of one whose noble impulses, and pure, disinterested labors in the cause of suffering humanity, commanded the admiration of the observant mind, and aroused the spirit of the loiterer in the path of duty and virtue to more determined action. Through years of physical suffering her aspirations were ever upward and onward, first in every public or private duty most adapted to the civilization of the human race, and to elevate it to that standard of moral progression which marks the advent of the millennium. Her fearless advocacy of universal liberty remains engraven upon the hearts of all her associates, and although in many instances her earnest words of exhortation fell upon "stony ground," still she was sustained by the blessed assurance that it would be "gathered after many days," more beautiful in its fruition, and established on a more enduring basis. Tears flow above the sainted dead, while her deeds of self-denial are held in grateful remembrance by members of the "despised race," who ever found in her a steadfast friend and adviser. To her discriminating mind the future was bright and beautiful, one broad, extended field of progress, heightened by the soul's conviction that her efforts for the freedom of the African race, so earnestly begun in this existence, would continue hereafter, through the sublime revelations of spiritual communion. An unusually protracted illness did not paralyze the vitality of her mind, but the heart's most earnest desires found expression through the agency of a native talent, rendered more brilliant if possible by contemplation on the approach of dissolution. The chords of sympathy vibrate in unison with the afflicted relatives and friends, who should mourn the departed as one whose beautiful earthly existence was a foretaste of eternal glory. Although her mortal lineaments are forever hidden from our gaze, the oppressed and wounded heart is relieved by the reflection that perhaps, from her celestial abode, she takes cognizance of things terrestial, and wields an all-powerful influence for the regeneration of the world. Then weep not frail human nature, but rather rejoice at her advent to a more congenial sphere, gathered with the sanctified around the Father's Throne, as we have sufficient evidence to be confident of a blessed immortality, greeted by the voice of Jehovah in the scriptual passage, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou the Kingdom of Heaven!"

Fare thee well, yet not forever!
Spirits who on earth are one
Death's embrace must fail to sever
In the Kingdom yet to come.

As terrestial links are broken,
Stronger grows the Heaveply tie,
For the words by faith out-spoken,
Leave their impress ne'er to die.

Friend of Freedom! sweetly sleeping,
Life's career was bravely run,
And the voice so mute with weeping
Whispers soft, "Thy will be done!"

March 23d, 1864. L. J. L.

JOHN F. HERRIOT.

NEW BEDFORD, Lawrence Co., Pa., March 21st, 1864.

I have just learned, by letter, that Mr. JOHN F. HERRIOT, of Mercer County, Pa., passed to the spirit land on the 7th inst., after a brief illness, in the 70th year of his age.

Mr. Herriot was one of the few tried and true pioneer Abolitionists, whom no threats could awe, nor bribes seduce from an honest avowal and defence of the most ultra Anti-Slavery sentiments. Though, formerly, a member of an Orthodox church, when he became aware of its complicity with the crime of slavery, he abandoned it, and became a "Comeouter" from both Church and State. He was faithful and exemplary in the various relations of life. He repudiated many of the dogmas of Orthodoxy, for which sectarian bigots called him an Infidel. His death, like his life, was calm and peaceful; a simple transition to a higher life. May his memory be cherished and his example followed.

W. W. WALKER.

OWEN LOVEJOY.

THE Hon. OWEN LOVEJOY, Member of Congress from the Vth Illinois District, died in the city of Brooklyn at 11½ o'clock on Friday night. He had been indisposed for several months, but was not confined to his bed until the 15th inst. In his last illness he was attended by his wife and daughter and many sympathizing friends and acquaintances.

This eloquent champion of freedom was born in the town of Albion, Kennebec County, Me., on the 6th of January, 1811, and was therefore 53 years of age at the time of his death. His father was a minister and farmer, and young Owen worked upon his father's farm until he was 18 years of age, when he spent a short time in a neighboring academy, and afterward went to Bowdoin College, where he was at the same time pupil and teacher—paying for his own tuition by teaching others.

He left college in 1835, and emigrated to the town of Alton, in the State of Illinois, where his brother E. P. Lovejoy edited an anti-slavery newspaper. He remained there until 1837, when his patriotic and noble brother was murdered by a pro-slavery mob. He did not leave the town, however, until he had uttered his protest against slavery in a spirited and touching biography of his martyred brother. He then removed to Princeton, where he became the pastor of a Congregational Church, and where he also became distinguished for his uncompromising hostility to "the sum of all villanies." During his ministry he was frequently arrested, sometimes charged with making incendiary speeches against slavery—sometimes with feeding, clothing, and aiding fugitive slaves. On such occasions he chose to plead his own cause, and when the case closed, it was his custom to announce to the court and the parties assembled, where and when he would deliver his next anti-slavery address.

In this way he labored in season and out of season—preaching, lecturing, writing, toiling, praying for the abolition of slavery till 1854, when he was elected to the State Legislature of Illinois, where he voted for Abraham Lincoln as his first choice for United States Senator. His talents and influence were recognized by his constituents, and in 1856 he was elected to a seat in the XXXVth Congress, and has been reelected to the XXXVIth, XXXVIIth and XXXVIIIth Congresses, winning a national reputation for industry, courage, and eloquence. Among the incidents of his public career, will be remembered the scene in the House in April, 1860, in which Pryor of Virginia undertook to silence him. Lovejoy was speaking with that electric power which marked his efforts, when he was interrupted by Pryor with threatening gestures, who said he did not wish to hear any more "such trash." Mr. Lovejoy replied that for six weeks the House had listened to the trash of the Democratic members, and it now was his turn. He was at once warmly and earnestly sustained by the Republican members. Out of the discussion that followed grew the Potter and Pryor challenge. Mr. Lovejoy was a great favorite in the district he represented, and he did a vast deal toward creating and molding the political opinions of his constituents. He was a brave and truthful man, and his private life was without reproach. In person he was stout and muscular, with a large, well-balanced head, a genial face, and magnetic eyes, that sparkled when he was engaged in debate. As a pastor, he was eminently successful. At Princeton, where he settled, he established a church which became one of the most prosperous, influential, and wealthy of the churches of the West. Among the members were two brothers of Mr. William Cullen Bryant, the poet and editor. On his election to Congress he gave up the ministry, and devoted his attention to politics. In his death the country has lost a true patriot, a faithful leader, and an honest man.—*Tribune*, 28th *ult.*

JOHN TELEMACHUS HILTON.

Died, in Brighton, Mass., March 5, Mr. JOHN TELEMACHUS HILTON, aged 62.

Born in Pennsylvania, he, when a young man, came to the Eastern States, and became a *protége* of the Rev. brothers Nathaniel, Benjamin and Thomas Paul—the last named so long and so favorably known in Boston. Mr. Hilton soon after married a daughter of Mrs. Eunice Ames. His mental and moral excellencies won for him a prominence among those identified with him by complexion and condition; and in the Conventions of colored people, held in those early days throughout the States, his presence and influence were signally potent.

He was one of the first colored Americans to greet the anti-slavery movement, which received, to his last day, the most devoted, unwavering affection and support. No names seemed more talismanic to him than those of William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Maria Weston Chapman, and George Thompson.

For a long series of years, he was an active and valued member of the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, and noted for his clear vision and adherence to its cardinal principles.

In regard to the great struggle between Liberty and Slavery, he was always hopeful—of which he gave frequent illustrations by voice and pen, as by his contribution to the "Liberty Bell" for 1844 and his letter to the Ladies' Anti-Slavery Subscription Festival for 1864—his last public testimony.

In his addresses and speeches, whether in promotion of equal School rights or other branches of the anti-slavery reform, he was unsparing of those who deserved rebuke, but eminently discreet and just towards all individuals and parties.

He was remarkable, both in public demonstrations and in social intercourse, for introducing Scriptural quotations and axioms. The Bible was his text book, and he was exceedingly happy and effective in its use.

The funeral exercises were of a blended character; and the many manifestations of respect, exhibited by the inhabitants of Brighton were creditable to them, as they must have proved grateful to the family. Services were conducted at the house by the Orthodox clergyman, Mr. Cushman, and at the Baptist Church by Rev. R. H. Bowles, Rev. John T. Raymond, and Rev. H. H. White, the former and the present pastors of the First Independent Baptist Church, Joy Street, Boston, of which the deceased was for many years one of the pillars.

At the grave, the Prince Hall Grand Lodge of Masons, present in large numbers and in full regalia, performed their mystic ceremonies in honor of one who had been most distinguished in their order.

To his bereaved widow and interesting group of sons and daughters, the recollection of the faithful husband and father must prove a rich legacy. They, together with his numerous relatives and friends, may derive perennial consolation from these appropriate lines:

"Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit!
Night dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary, worn-out winds expire so soft.
Behold him in the eventide of life!
A life well spent! whose early care it was
His riper years should not upbraid his green;
By unperceived degrees he wears away;
Yet, like the sun, seems largest at his setting."

—*Liberator.* W. C. N.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Lieut.-Gen. Grant is vigorously at work, reorganizing and consolidating the Army of the Potomac and weeding out the incompetent and disloyal officers whose influence has been so deleterious in the past.

REBEL ATTACK UPON PADUCAH, KY.

On the 24th ult., the rebels under Forrest made an attack upon Paducah, Ky., but did not succeed in getting possession of the city, being driven off by three gunboats which lay at that point. Only a portion of the city was destroyed, and that was done by the shells of the gunboats. The rebels lost very heavily, and finally retreated southward. Gen. A. P. Thompson (rebel) was killed. Forrest's force was reported at 6,500 men.

GEN. GRANT'S OPINION OF M'CLELLAN.

Rev. Dr. Thomson the editor of *The Christian Advocate*, states that he had a conversation in the railroad car at Altoona, Pa., a few days ago, in which, speaking of Gen. McClellan, Gen. Grant attributed his failure to no want of ability or education, but to the fact that he rose too rapidly, was intoxicated by his elevation, and afraid to make a bold step lest it should be a false one. Moreover, he unfortunately allowed himself to be manipulated by politicians and bewildered by the false lights which they held out before him. Mr. Thomson says Gen. Grant speaks in the highest terms of Gen. Sherman, who succeeds him in the Western Department, who, he says, has no superior in the service. He also expressed himself in similar terms of Generals McPherson and Gillmore.

FROM LOUISIANA.

We have news to the 19th ult. from New Orleans. Fort de Russy and Alexandria on Red River, Western Louisiana, had been captured by the forces of Gen. A. J. Smith and Admiral Porter. Alexandria was surrendered to the gunboats without an attempt at resistance. Gen. Banks was to take the field in person, within a few days, and the army in Western Louisiana was again on the move, New-Iberia having been reoccupied by Gen. Lee's advance.

FROM TENNESSEE.

The rebel Gen. Forrest, with 2,000 men, captured Union city and the small Union force garrisoning the place (400 cavalrymen) on the 24th ult.

A special dispatch from Chattanooga to the Cincinnati *Commercial* says the rebels are in very strong force on our front at Dalton, and have 3,000 cavalry on this side. Deserters report that Gen. Bishop Polk is reinforcing Gen. Joe Johnston's army. Gen. Longstreet's cavalry, under Gen. Martin, has arrived at Marietta, Ga. The rebels are moving up their artillery from the rear. Our army is said to be in splendid condition.

The Army and the Negroes.

"EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*"—*Wm. H Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

LEARNING BY EXPERIENCE.

Cairo, March 21, 1864.—One of the most noticeable fights in this war took place at Yazoo city, on the 5th inst., between the 11th Illinois and 8th Louisiana, under Col. Coates, and four brigades of rebel cavalry. The battle commenced at 10 in the morning and lasted till 4 in the afternoon, and was of the most desperate character, being in the streets of the city, when the people fired from the houses, which were burned. Finally we were victorious, and our troops have returned to Vicksburg with a loss of six killed and 20 wounded. Now the 11th Illinois is mostly composed of the old 109th, decidedly disloyal, and all of its officers were dismissed in disgrace. When the 109th came South the negroes in Cairo fled for their lives—several hundred of them took after one and nearly killed him. It was their practice, when they met a Union man, to hold their noses and cry "nigger, nigger." What shall we say? The 8th Louisiana, which helped them in this fight, and did nobly, is composed of negroes, black as the ace of spades. Now they say, that if they had had another such regiment they would have defeated the rebels entirely. You see we are moving.

DEPARTMENT OF VIRGINIA AND NORTH CAROLINA.

A letter to the Boston *Journal*, dated Fortress Monroe, March 19, says: "The negro troops are here seen in their glory. Better clad, better disciplined or more orderly troops cannot be found in the army. This is especially true of the United States Colored Cavalry, one thousand strong, under Col. Cole. Maj. Denison of Massachusetts is one of the finest officers in the service. He has done much to bring this corps to its high state of discipline."

COLORED ARTILLERY.

Maj. Jameson, of the 5th Rhode Island Volunteers, is raising a regiment of colored heavy artillery at Newbern, N. C. He is meeting with great success.

WILL NEGROES FIGHT?

Col. McCabb officially communicates the part taken by his command in the late action at Vidalia, Louisiana, which resulted in a victory to our troops. A force of 300 colored soldiers put to flight, in great confusion, four or five times their number of the enemy, with a loss to them of one killed and five wounded, some mortally, and a number of prisoners. Not a man of our command was hurt. Maj. Charles W. Smith, commanding a battalion in reserve, says that he and the line-officers of his command were obliged to place themselves before their men with drawn swords, and threaten summary punishment to the first man who would attempt to quit the ranks to join their comrades fighting in the front, "their eagerness to be engaged being almost irrepressible."

THE FIFTEENTH U. S. COLORED TROOPS.

A correspondent at Nashville, Tenn., sends us a flattering notice of the 15th regiment of colored troops in camp at that place. They are commanded by Col. T. J. Downey, and both officers and men are highly praised for their attention to and progress in military education. He had visited them often without hearing the least profane or vulgar language. Their camp is kept in most excellent order, and in all things is seen the true spirit of the soldier. A white soldier boasted that he could make the "grand rounds" on the colored boys and capture a musket or bayonet. Accordingly he approached a sable guard, drew him into conversation, and kindly requested to see his musket, which the guard refused. He then wished to look at his bayonet, but the guard stood on his orders. He then tried intimidation, and pretending to be insulted, assumed a fighting attitude; but the guard ordered him to retire or he would shoot. The foolish fellow advanced and was promptly shot, and the loss of an arm was the penalty of his imprudence.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

THE PROTECTION OF OUR COLORED SOLDIERS.

From The Providence Journal, March 22.

We trust that the General Assembly will not adjourn until it has satisfied itself and the public that it has made a thorough and searching investigation of the alleged frauds upon the colored soldiers of the Fourteenth Rhode Island regiment. These men helped fill our quota. They occupy the places which many of us would at great inconvenience have had to fill, but for their alacrity in enlisting. They represent us at the post of danger. They have won the commendation of their officers and our citizens generally by their orderly and soldierly demeanor. They are entitled to the same courtesy, attention and protection from us as any other regiment which we have sent to the field.

Now we are telling no news to most of our citizens when we say that reports are very current that gross frauds have been perpetrated by recruiting agents and others upon these unsuspecting and deserving men. The personal friends of the soldiers, the soldiers themselves, the officers, have made and reiterated these charges. We ourselves have had letter after letter from the officers, making these accusations. On Friday, Mr. Sheffield read to the House a letter from Col. Viall, narrating how he caught a party forcing "bogus watches" upon some of his men as a part of their payment, and the affidavit of Wm. Mercer, a member of the regiment, who under oath describes a series of swindling operations, which, he alleges, were practiced upon him. An officer writes us that he has seen the tears course down the cheeks of the honest fellows, as they told how they had left their homes in the West with the expectation of having three hundred dollars bounty to send to their families, and had been cheated out of sums varying from fifty to two hundred and fifty dollars. It is within our knowledge also that officers who were disposed to make known these rascalities have been told that they were in danger of losing their positions, if they did not keep still. We ourselves have no doubt, judging from the evidence which has reached us, that the soldiers have been outrageously cheated.

We say, therefore, that the most prompt and rigid investigation should be had. This General Assembly should not adjourn until it has sounded the matter to the bottom. That body owes this duty to itself, to the soldiers and to the good name of the State. The people of Rhode Island will never be satisfied until that work is done. An investigating Committee was appointed some weeks ago, and has taken a large amount of testimony. Let us have its report and the important testimony. If the charges are not true, let the fact be known, and the reputation of the State, now tarnished by the reports of villany on the part of its agents, be vindicated. If they are true, let the villains be brought to justice.

REBEL OUTRAGE UPON COLORED TROOPS.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

VICKSBURG, Miss., March 1, 1864.

From Capt. J. M. Anderson of the 8th Ohio infantry, now detailed as general recruiting officer for colored troops in this vicinity, I have just received the following particulars of another rebel outrage upon colored troops. On Monday, Feb. 21, a band of guerillas, commanded by Col. Moore of Louisiana, made a bold dash upon our lines at Waterproof, La., opening with four pieces of artillery upon Fort Anderson. Capt. Johnson of the gunboat No. 9 was on hand, and after two hours vigorous shelling the enemy abandoned the attack.

Our loss was three killed. Two colored soldiers, members of the 11th La. Vols., were captured, and afterwards brutally murdered, with an old negro slave known by the soubriquet of "Uncle Peter." The bodies of the two soldiers were discovered the next day riddled with bullets. Old Uncle Peter, an aged slave, had been of great service to our government in piloting our officers to localities where large quantities of cotton belonging to the rebel government were concealed. After capturing this old man the assassins compelled him to kneel with his hands behind his back, in presence of some fifty slaves on one of the adjoining plantations, and two minie balls pierced his body. They then intimidated the slaves by threatening to treat all negroes in a similar manner whom they caught aiding the Yankees.

Through the instrumentality of this faithful old man, Capt. Anderson had secured 400 bales of fine cotton, marked C. S. A., together with 150 fine horses and a number of mules. The value of the cotton alone was $100,000. Among the prisoners captured by our forces was Lieut. Austin, Adjutant-General on Gen. Harris's staff, with his fine horses and costly equipments. Capt. Anderson succeeded in capturing the murderer of old Uncle Peter, and having plenty of slaves to testify who were obliged to witness the infamous crime, he ordered the guilty wretch to be shot, and in a few hours the villain paid the penalty of his dastard crime. Another one of the guerillas engaged in this outrage is now in our hands, under guard at this place, and it seems like an act of great injustice to our brave soldiers that such outlaws should be treated as prisoners of war.

After shooting these three defenceless men, the chivalrous knights robbed old Uncle Peter of $1,000 in Treasury Notes, and completely stripped the two colored soldiers of all their outer clothing and their boots. We hear Northern Copperheads, who have never been south of Mason and Dixon's line, constantly prating about the unconstitutionality of arming the slaves of rebels, and often these prejudiced people accuse the negro troops of cowardice. After the bloody proof at Milliken's Bend, Port Hudson, and at Fort Wagner, in front of Charleston, it would seem that nothing more was needed to substantiate the resolution and undaunted courage of the slave, when arrayed against his master, fighting for the freedom of his race. The following incident speaks for itself.

In the attack on Fort Anderson, Sergt. Robert Thompson exhibited traits of courage worthy of record. A party of eight guerillas surrounded Sergt. Thompson of Company I, 11th Louisiana, and Corporal Robinson of the same regiment. The two prisoners were threatened with torture and death; and were finally placed in charge of three guerillas, while the balance of their party were harassing our troops. Seeing a revolver in the Sergeant's belt, they ordered him to give it up. As he fumbled around his belt he touched the Corporal with his elbow as a signal to be ready. Drawing it slowly from his belt he cocked it, and ere the rebel could give the alarm he fell a corpse from his horse. At the same time Corporal Robinson shot another, and the third guerilla, without waiting for further instructions, put the sp

Miscellaneous Department.

OUR WORK.

[At the late Fair held at Boston for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission, the proceeds of which, after paying its expenses, amounted to a hundred and forty thousand dollars, the following touching lines by Mrs. ANNA C. L. WATERSTON were laid on the counters and purchased by the visitors as a memorial of the occasion:]

On the wide battle-field,
Or close to its edge,
Stand we with tent-cloth,
Cordage and wedge;
Lift up the canvas;
Shake out the straw;
Have ready the cordials;
Cooling draughts draw.

Bear in the wounded;
Bend gently down:
(Some mother's sons they are—
This day our own.)
Woman with soft touch
Bathe this young brow;
You with the strong arm
Raise that soldier now.

A cup of cold water
For him wounded sore:
He asks if a brother
Needs it not more.
Look! on this dark skin
Grim slave-scars are found,
Where blood rushes red
From the freedman's deep wound.

Few words are spoken—
We bandage and feed
Our soldiers and prisoners
In perilous need,
Comfort and light throw
Over Death's passage,
And for beloved ones
Receive the last message.

Pale lips have uttered
Thanks for our care;
Seldom a groan is heard;
Oft whispered prayer;
God and man aid us
In work to be done,
Till, through the struggle,
Freedom is won.

GEORGE THOMPSON IN SPRINGFIELD.

1851 and 1864.—A Contrast.

From The Liberator.

On Tuesday evening, the 16th inst., Mr. Thompson delivered an address to the citizens of Springfield, Mass., in the Music Hall of that city. He said:

A few reminiscences of my last visit to this locality may enable me to illustrate the contrast which I desire to present to your contemplation, between the state of popular sentiment in New England *then* and *now*.

Thirteen Winters have passed away, and thirteen successive Springs have returned to gladden the earth, since I last stood in the city of Springfield. What was the object that then brought me to this busy, thriving and beautiful part of the Old Bay State? I came at the invitation of a few friends of religion, justice, freedom and humanity, to address so many of the citizens as might desire to hear me, on the topics which then agitated the public mind. I came in the spirit of peace and friendship, of fraternal sympathy and brotherly love. I came to serve no personal object, to ask no favor for myself. What I had to ask was for others, and not for myself. I came to plead with such as were not dead to all sense of righteousness and pity, on behalf of the poor fugitives from bondage in the South, who were being hunted by two-footed monsters over the soil made sacred by the tread of the Pilgrim Fathers. I came to plead on behalf of those eternal principles, for the sake of which, and to establish which, your ancestors had renounced home, country and friends, and the houses of God in which they and their fathers had worshipped. I came to reassert and to defend the immortal truths proclaimed in your Declaration of Independence—truths for which no people had contended more bravely, or bled more freely, or died more sublimely, than the people of good old Massachusetts. I came on the day following a New England Sabbath. It was Monday, the 17th of February, 1851.

The night before, I had, in a neighboring city, delivered a solemn address on the Christian duties of the American people, in view of the crisis in their history which had then arrived. I had been heard and rewarded with respectful attention.

I well remember it was a bright and exhilarating morning when I stepped into the cars at Providence to commence my journey to Springfield. On the way, I purchased a newspaper to beguile the time. On opening it, I found it contained information of special interest to myself. I read therein, that on the previous Sabbath morning—when the church bells were ringing, and the devout inhabitants of Springfield were directing their steps to the several houses of prayer; on the Sabbath morning, when the people were about to offer worship to the God who "hath made of one blood the families of the earth"—that God who hath said by the mouth of his law-giver, "Whoso stealeth a man, and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death"; and again, "Thou shalt not return unto his master the servant that hath escaped from his master unto thee"—I read that on that same Sabbath morning, when the people were about to enter the temples erected to the Redeemer of the world, they were invited to gaze upon the spectacle of an Englishman hung in effigy upon a branch of one of the trees adorning the city green; which effigy had a placard affixed to it directly inciting to outrage and murder. I was the Englishman thus executed in effigy—I was the Englishman thus pointed out as worthy of maltreatment and death.

The journal I had purchased in the railcar was the Springfield *Republican*. Did that paper simply narrate the facts, and leave its readers to make their own comments? No. It said to its readers:

"This evening, according to announcement, George Thompson, the English Abolitionist, will make his appearance in Hampden Hall, for the purpose, we presume, of *denouncing the American Constitution, libelling the Christian Church, and abusing the greatest and best men, living and dead*, that have ever impressed their names upon our country's history."

It said of the meeting to be held:

"We presume it will be made the scene of *political fanaticism, blind perversion of truth*, and such handling of sacred things as shall *wound the moral sense like the naked blow of blasphemy*."

Such was the language of the leading article. But not content with these imputations—imputations absolutely false, utterly unfounded, and full of all uncharitableness and malignity—it gave *gratuitous* insertion to the placard which had been attached to the effigy—a placard which I have described as a direct incentive to outrage and murder. Here are some of the words of the placard:

"Men of Hampshire! will you allow an *English Serf* to come amongst you, and *create a civil war* by continuing agitation now happily disposed of by our government?"

Again:

"Is it rational, is it reasonable, is it even plausible, that George Thompson, a member of that very British Parliament whose laws have placed the masses of the English and Irish people in a position of such want and oppression that they would gladly exchange their lot for the comparative freedom of the American slave of the South, can be aught but *a paid emissary and spy of England?*"

Again:

"But a few months since, we were sending shiploads of food to his starving countrymen, for whom he was then legislating; and will you now allow him to *repay this boon by treachery*—by turning *a brother's knife against a brother's bosom?*"

"Americans! countrymen of the *murdered* Emmett, of Mitchell, of O'Brien, *turn out and drive this miscreant from our soil;* for YOUR BROTHER'S BLOOD CRIES AGAINST HIM FOR VENGEANCE!"

Here is the conclusion:

"Fellow-citizens, be at your posts. The *moral* strength of the community is *with us; let the* PHYSICAL BE PRESENT."

"Let your cry be, 'America, and a home for all! Union and vigilance against the machinations of despots!'"

Such was the language of the Springfield *Republican*, and such was the atrocious and blood-thirsty language which it virtually endorsed and approved, by giving it gratuitous publication. With regard to the charges brought against me in these vile and wicked productions, it is sufficient for me to say, that they are as false as they are inflammatory. From my youth up I have been the defender of the poor against the rich; of the oppressed against the oppressor; of the slave against his tyrant. As regards Ireland, I was the friend of Daniel O'Connell, and in my place in Parliament voted *for* every measure of amelioration, and voted and spoke *against* every measure of injustice and coercion; and yet I am marked out for vengeance as guilty of the blood of Irishmen!

The journal I am quoting takes nothing back. On the contrary, it repeats to-day the slanders and calumnies of thirteen years ago. It regards the efforts which, in common with many better men, I have made in England during the last three years to enlighten and correct public sentiment in reference to America, as "but an act of justice and due reparation for past *injuries*" done by me to this country. It still speaks of my "vehement attacks upon the religious, as upon the political institutions" of America; of my "stigmatizing American citizens of character and position as sincerely opposed to slavery as myself"; says, that "looseness of personal invective, indecorous even in a citizen, and disgusting in a stranger, formerly marked my public efforts." Even this very day, that journal speaks of my "fanatical, unintelligent and coarse assaults on the good and great institutions and men of this country"; and of my "ignorant injustice to the people, the institutions and the statesmen" of America. I trust the editor of that journal is here to-night (applause). If he should be, let me say in his presence and yours, that I challenge him to produce from any speeches delivered by me during my former visits, anything to support the accusations he has brought against me. I deliberately defy him to produce a speech, a paragraph, a sentence in which I have ever assailed any one of the institutions of America, save that "peculiar institution" which is the cause of your present calamitous and sanguinary war, and which, at the present moment, all loyal Americans desire to extirpate from the soil it has so long withered and cursed (loud applause).

It is said that I am changed, that I am now more respectful, measured and moderate in my tone than formerly. Such is not the fact. I am wholly unchanged; or, if changed at all, only in this respect, that I regard with deeper loathing and execration the infernal system of negro slavery, and more strongly than ever condemn the conduct of those who, having the power, if not to destroy, at least to check it, suffered it to grow and flourish, and expand and strengthen, until it at last burst beyond all restraints, and in its pride and power sought to make shipwreck of all most dear to you, and most sacred to humanity at large (applause). No, I will not allow it to go forth that I am a changed man. Show me a man, a minister, a statesman, who in the present day defends slavery, and I will, if possible, denounce him with double emphasis. My course on slavery has been one without variableness or shadow of turning (applause). If I was a blasphemer before, I am a blasphemer now. If I libelled the living and the dead then, I denounce the same men now. If I was an enemy of your institutions then, I am equally so now. Here I stand to defend and justify every charge I ever made against the churches of America, the statesmen of America, or the institutions of America; and I think that, with the aid of recent revelations and recent events, I could more triumphantly than ever make good my charges (applause). Whoever may have changed, I have not changed; neither have those thrice-honored colleagues of mine who were included in the indictment brought against me thirteen years ago.

Let me now return to the railroad car in which I travelled from Providence to Springfield, in which I read the proceedings by which the Sabbath in your city had been desecrated and degraded. Nothing deterred, I came amongst you. I put up at the Hampden Hotel. I was soon joined by the John Hampden of America—Wendell Phillips. We were informed that Hampden Hall had been closed against us. Evening came, and with it signs of a popular commotion. The effigy, the placard and the leading article had done their work. The sounds of drum and fife were heard, and soon a riotous and drunken rabble paraded before the hotel, throwing stones through the windows of the room we occupied, and defacing the walls with filthy missiles. Again the mob made the circuit of the city, and returned reënforced. They set up a post. They hung in effigy the hated Englishman to a cross-beam. They placed a tar-barrel filled with straw beneath. They kindled a fire. They joined hands, and danced around it with the fury and savage glee of drunken cannibals; and when George Thompson, represented by the unsightly carcass they had fastened to the gibbet, fell into the flames, they raised a chorus of yells, howls, screeches and imprecations that might have startled the more decorous inhabitants of Pandemonium itself.

And where, during this horrible, disgusting and disgraceful scene, were the municipal authorities of Springfield? Where were the law-abiding, law-preserving, law-asserting citizens of Springfield? Where? They were safe and snug at home. They were collecting their families around the domestic altar. They were preparing sermons in favor of the Fugitive Slave law. They were reading the Springfield *Republican*, and perhaps anticipating that the next morning's issue would contain the pleasing intelligence that the foreigner whom they had left to the tender mercies of the mob had been tarred and feathered, and ridden upon a rail out of the city.

Why do I recall to the recollection of those now present the incidents connected with my former visit? Is it to complain of the treatment I then received? No. I can forget and forgive a thousand things like these, and should not refer to them now but for the moral that I wish to draw from them. I refer to the past that I may illustrate, in the light of by-gone events, the bondage under which the whole country then groaned to the demon of oppression that reigned and revelled at the South. At the time of which I am speaking, the galling chains of the South were worn by every man in the North. The manacles riveted upon the limbs of the man-chattel of the South, were fastened also upon the limbs of the sons of the Pilgrims in New England. A venerable man, deputed by Massachusetts her embassador to the South, in behalf of the citizens of this State, was treated with indignity, threatened with violence, and refused even a twenty-four hours' shelter under the shade of the Palmetto. The sons of the Bay State were dragged from the decks of Boston ships, cast into the prison of Charleston, and sold to pay their jail-fees. Even your Court-House was surrounded with chains, and learned and venerable administrators of the law had to crawl beneath them before they could ascend their seats; and when there, they had to do the bidding of the South. One of the purest patriots, the most accomplished of scholars, and the most gifted of orators—sent by Massachusetts to the Senate—was, even in the seat and sanctuary of law and legislation, set upon by ruffian hands, and the country deprived for years of the benefit of the wisdom and eloquence of one of the noblest defenders of her honor and the inalienable rights of humanity. Such was the condition of Massachusetts, and of the entire United States of America, a few years ago.

No wonder that while such a state of things prevailed, an Englishman, claiming the right to plead for the down-trodden and enslaved black man, and of denouncing the gigantic system of despotism by which the most exalted and "godlike" amongst free Americans had been taken captive, and made to grind in the prison-house of the South, should be treated as I have described. The treatment, harsh and inhospitable as it sometimes was, wrought no change in me. I did not love the people of America, or of Springfield, less, because, when about to step into the cars on your railway platform, some cowardly ruffians, standing near, but afraid to look me in the face, flung stale eggs at me. I did not return to England to whine over my wrongs, or to decry your institutions, or to inveigh against republicanism and democracy, or to join the enemies of progress and popular rights. No; but I went back, if possible, more than ever the devotee and unrelenting foe of that execrable system which had enslaved, not only the bodies and souls of millions of black men, but had enslaved, also, the intellect, thought, literature, commerce, religion and conscience of a race kindred to my own—a race that had but to burst its green withs asunder, to declare itself free, and to strangle and destroy its enslaver, in order to become the noblest and the greatest on the face of the earth (loud applause). The time arrived when I might prove by deeds, not only that I cherished no unkind feeling towards the people of America, but that my professions of friendship and goodwill were not mere vain and empty words.

You had, for half a century, sought by every means, no matter how humiliating and debasing, to keep on terms of friendship and union with your "Southern brethren." You had consented to the extension and aggrandizement of slavery. You had consented to be ruled by the Slave Power. You had consented to, and even assisted in, the elevation of slaveholders to the Presidential chair of a democratic republic. You had consented to the appointment of slaveholders as your representatives at foreign courts. You had consented to see five slaveholding judges out of nine occupy the bench of your Supreme Court. You had consented to be deprived of the right of giving a cup of cold water to the trembling fugitive who, with parched lips, passed your door on his way to British soil, there to find a refuge from the pursuing kidnapper. You had consented to be misrepresented, ridiculed, belied, insulted and spat upon by your insolent and haughty brethren of the South. You bore all with a patient shrug—nay, in your political parties you ran an eager race to see which could be most abject in the presence of your tyrants; which could bend lowest before the demon of slavery; which could make the largest sacrifices of honor, independence and conscience to the ever-craving yet never satisfied demands of the South. You "loved to be despised," and, verily, you had your reward.

Your overseers and masters at last demanded more than you could grant, without surrendering the name as well as the substance of liberty. They required the removal of every barrier to the universal spread of slavery. They demanded the right to bring, retain and hold their slaves within every State and Territory belonging to the Union; and they denied to you the right to elect any man to the presidential chair, who was not a known, pledged, and sworn friend and defender of the "peculiar institution." They did more. When they saw the uprising of a power in the North that would, sooner or later, successfully contend with them for the mastery, they assisted to bring about the event which they affected to deprecate, and virtually elected Mr. Lincoln that they might have the pretext which they wanted, to break up the Union which they valued only so far as it was useful to themselves. Determined to rule the country, absolutely and universally, or to demolish the fair fabric which had been raised by the blood of the fathers of the revolution, they rent the Union in twain. They did so by a conspiracy, and by acts, as foul, as traitorous, as wicked, as any ever resorted to by the worst of men in any age. While yet the sworn supporters of the government, and official servants of the people, they were guilty of the most flagitious malversation and treason. While yet the pliant and prostituted tool whom they had chosen filled the Chair of State, months before the man who through their divisions and diabolical stratagems had been elected had assumed office, they carried their plans into execution. Having exhausted the national treasury; having corrupted the national army; having scattered the national navy; having emptied the Northern arsenals, they seceded, and instantly laid robber hands upon whatever of national property they found within the territory they had traitorously wrested from the Union. They raised an army; they called a Convention; they proclaimed a Constitution; they elected a President and a Congress; they declared themselves "The Confederate States of America"; they sent their Commissioners to Europe, and they demanded of the civilized world, that they should be admitted into the family of nations.

The despots of the earth rejoiced. The enemies of progress, of free institutions, and of human rights, sent up a shout of triumph. The aristocrats of the old world exclaimed: "See, the bubble has burst! The boasted experiment of democratic government has failed! The soaring eagle of the West droops; the United States of America are no more!" All this time, the twenty million of the North made no sign of resistance to the daring treason of the South. It seemed as though they would passively submit to see a government established over one-half the national territory, founded upon principles the reverse of those that had constituted the basis and justification of the revolution for their own independence. The man whom the majority of the people of the North had elected, succeeded to a bankrupted exchequer, a decimated army, a navy in all parts of the world but America; and took his seat at Washington in the midst of perjured rebels, with scarcely a thousand men in arms to defend his authority. Such was the state of things when the thunder of the guns aimed at Fort Sumter was heard—when the striped and starry banner succumbed to the rattlesnake rebel flag—when the multitudinous North, moved as by an electric shock, started as one man to its feet, and New England's Quaker poet, in rapt amazement and devout thanksgiving, could exclaim:

"Now joy and thanks for evermore!
The weary night has well nigh passed;
The slumbers of the North are o'er—
The giant stands erect at last!"

(Loud applause).

I need not tell you the history of the next three years—it is written in battle, bereavement, and blood. Well, the time came when an Englishman, who hated your country, and desired the overthrow of its institutions, and wished to see the Constitution and Union annihilated, might do something effectually to bring about those objects. I had been described by your own journal (that still refuses to retract its calumnies) as such an Englishman. The way in which I have spent the last three years of my life is a sufficient answer to such misrepresentations. I will not speak of the result of my labors, but this I may say, I have done what I could. You have had enemies in England—many, powerful and virulent. I have met them and have fought your battle. Ridicule and vituperation, falsehood and misrepresentation have been directed against you, and I have labored to repel these weapons, and to set the people, the institutions and the cause of this country justly before the people of my own. Nor I alone. I may truly say that the best men in Great Britain are today on the side of the Northern States. For your sakes, hundreds of thousands of the honest, intelligent operative classes of my country have borne, without a murmur, the pangs of hunger; and when most suffering from the pangs of the present war, have been most desirous that it should continue until you had utterly crushed the rebellion in your midst, and struck every manacle from the bonds of every slave (applause). You have now with you in Great Britain, all those who have been the reformers of the great abuses imposed upon us by the aristocratic rulers of our country. You have with you those who have labored for the emancipation of our own slaves; who have won for the people an extension of popular rights; who have grappled with and overthrown the chartered monopoly of the East India Company; who have wrung from bread-taxers the repeal of the corn laws; and who are now seeking to obtain for the tiller of the soil the means of obtaining some small portion for himself. Judge what the joy of such men must be, and what must be my joy as one of them, to see the change which has been wrought in the popular sentiment of the people of these Northern States!—to find that your battle-cry now is, not only "The Union, one and inseparable, now and forever," but Liberty for all—for black as well as white;—Liberty universal, and Liberty everlasting! (Applause.)

Oh, how I exult in the present state of things! I find you free. When I left you, the journalist, the politician, the clergyman, the publisher, the merchant, the Bible distributer, the colporteur, all were slaves. Now the pulpit, the platform, the mart, the exchange, the court of justice, the hall of legislation, the press—all are free. Now, cotton is no longer king. Now the Slave Power totters to its fall. Now the negro can demand the rights of humanity, is not only recognized as a man, but carries arms in the service of the State; and a black regiment saves an army from destruction. And now the abhorred Englishman, for whom tar and feathers were too good, returns and receives a warm welcome (for which he is proudly grateful), even from an audience in the good city of Springfield.

"Look on this picture, and on this,"

and suffer me to share the joy to be derived from the contrast between THEN and NOW.

*DR. MASSIE IN AMERICA.**

From The London Dial.

Not the least among the many memorable incidents in the history of the Emancipation movement during the year 1863 was the mission of Dr. Massie and the Rev. J. H. Rylance to the United States. They were deputed by the Manchester Conference of Ministers to convey to their American brethren various documents which could not fail to satisfy them of the deep sympathy which was felt among the religious bodies of England for the cause of the Union and of Negro Emancipation. These documents comprised the address of seven hundred and fifty French pastors to the English clergy; the reply thereto signed by upwards of four thousand British ministers; and a special address to the American Churches adopted by the Ministerial Conference above alluded to. No more satisfactory proof of the sound state of religious opinion in this country could have been afforded to the great Protestant communities of the Transatlantic Republic—no more touching expression could have been given to that warm regard for America and her people, which must ever beat in the religious heart of England. All that was needed to provoke a noble response was that the message should be delivered in the spirit in which it was conceived—that the teeming millions of the Eastern, the Central, and the Western States should be made acquainted with the true mind of their co-religionists in this country on the momentous questions involved in their civil war. Dr. Massie undertook the mission, and how well he has accomplished his errand is abundantly shown in the work which is now under notice. His pen has taken a wide and varied range. His personal narrative, interesting as it is, can scarcely be regarded as the most important portion of his book. He reviews American history as it bears upon the origin of the rebellion and the real issues of the war. He explains the nature of the Constitution and the rights and mutual obligations of the several States. He traces the rise, growth, and triumph of the anti-slavery sentiment. He makes the New York riots the text for many weighty remarks and much valuable information on the position and prospects of the colored race and the progress of emancipation. He expatiates on the benevolent enterprises which the war has called forth—the Christian and the Sanitary Commissions and the Freedmen's Aid Societies which have shown to the world that the benevolence of a Christian people never slumbers, and that it even proves equal to the most terrible emergencies. He gives a particular description of the leading American journals, which will enable the reader to better understand the various phases of opinion which they represent, and to discriminate between one political party and another. He also enters very fully into the composition of the American army, and pays a high and just tribute to its character and *morale*.

But we must not omit to mention the special feature of the work—its graphic narrative of the experiences of the author during his sojourn in the New World. Visiting as he did some thirty or forty of the principal cities and towns of the Union, in all of which he was brought into intimate relations with the clergy and leading citizens and addressed large audiences on the subject of his mission, it is obvious that Dr. Massie's sphere of observation was of a most extended character, and that when he avers that the popular feeling was not only enlisted in support of the Union but was in favor of a cordial alliance with England and of freedom for the slave, he speaks with an authority equal to that which any man in either country can claim. Looking over the list of the clergy who rallied around him, we recognize almost every great name in the religious world of America—Tyng, Vinton, Thompson, Dwight, Cheever—what names can be greater or more honored than these, even in the halls of English divinity? Everywhere, too, his reception was the same. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis—Missouri as well as Massachusetts, the Far West equally with New England—all gave him the same welcome, and responded to his message with heartiness and unanimity. There was no admixture of a disagreeable or unfriendly element—there was no mob even in the city which cast forth the martyred Lovejoy and dispatched multitudes of border ruffians to commit outrage and violence on the blood-stained soil of Kansas. Truly the times have changed, and the hand of the Almighty is no less visible in the revolution which is taking place in Northern opinion than it is in the domain of the lords of the branding-iron and the lash.

Incidentally Dr. Massie communicates many interesting facts illustrative of the wonderful material progress which America is making and of the spirit by which her people are animated. The cases of Buffalo and Chicago which he cites are simply examples of what is being accomplished all through the vast territories of the West, and of what many living men—not of great age either—have seen effected in regions much nearer to the Atlantic seaboard. For example, by far the largest portion of New York is the growth of modern and recent enterprise, and there is scarcely a town or a township in the Eastern States of which the same may not be said. With regard to the spirit of the people, Dr. Massie narrates an anecdote which specially merits quotation, illustrating as it does the motives which have inspired many men to serve in the war:

While sitting on the banks of the Ohio and contemplating the events of the rebellion and its influence on the people around, a tall man in the garb of a sergeant drew near and readily answered to some casual observation I made. He bore the marks of having seen hard service; he said he was in the Michigan cavalry, and, and at the time we were conversing on the books of the hospital. He showed me his pass. I asked his age, and he answered in his sixty-third year. I inquired, was he a native of that State; he replied, his father was an Englishman, had brought him as a boy to New York State, where he had lived till he was a man, when he had removed into Michigan. He had resided there several years and never married. When the war broke out he volunteered. "Some people," he said, "might condemn me for doing so at sixty years of age; but I did so to help my country to put down slavery. I had seen it when previously travelling through the slave States, but though I saw its horrors I was not allowed to speak against it. Now," he said, "I have marched through the same places and I have not been prevented from denouncing it as the crime of man and the curse of the land. I have had my sword in my hand. I may perhaps die from my present disease; but I shall not regret having done what I could." Our conversation turned to things of higher moment, and I found him no stranger to eternal realities, and the best preparation for them. Such was a sample of the Michigan cavalry.

We have said enough to commend this able and instructive work to the best consideration of our readers. They will derive from it much light upon many grave problems; and under Dr. Massie's guidance their sympathies cannot fail to be directed into a healthy channel, and their best hopes for the future of a great nation strengthened and assured. It only remains for us to add that the work is enriched with an excellent explanatory map, and that it is dedicated to that staunch friend of human progress, Mr. T. B. Potter, the President of the Union and Emancipation Society of Manchester, to whose wise counsel and discriminating liberality Dr. Massie's mission was so largely indebted.

* "America: the Origin of her Present Conflict; her Prospect for the Slave; and her Claim for Anti-Slavery Sympathy." London: John Snow.

THE VICTORY OF LIFE.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

I once made search, in hope to find
Abiding peace of mind.

I toiled for riches—as if these
Could bring the spirit ease!

I turned aside to books and lore,
Still baffled as before.

I tasted then of love and fame,
But hungered still the same.

I chose the sweetest paths I knew,
Where only roses grew.

Then fell a voice from out the skies,
With message in this wise:

"O my disciple! is it meet
That roses tempt thy feet?

"Thy Master, even for his head,
Had only thorns instead!"

Then, drawn as by a heavenly grace,
I left the flowery place,

And walked on cutting flints and stones.
I said with tears and groans:

"O lord! my feet, where Thou dost lead,
Shall follow though they bleed!"

And then I saw He chose my path
For discipline, not wrath.

I walked in weakness, till at length
I suffered unto strength.

Nor ever were my trials done,
But straightway new begun.

For when I learned to cast disdain
Upon some special pain,

He gave me sharper strokes to bear,
And pierced me to despair.

Until, so sorely was I pressed,
I broke beneath the test,

And fell within the Tempter's power.
Yet in the evil hour,

Bound hand and foot, I cried, "O Lord!
Break Thou the three-fold cord!"

And while my soul was at her prayer,
He snatched me from the snare.

I then approached the gate of death,
Where, struggling for my breath,

I knocked my coward knees in fear,
Aghast to stand so near!

Yet while I shivered in the gloom,
Down-gazing in the tomb,

"O Lord!" I cried, "bear Thou my sin,
And I will enter in!"

But He by whom my soul was tried
Not yet was satisfied.

For then He crushed me with a blow
Of more than mortal woe,

Till bitter death had been relief
To my more bitter grief.

Yet, bleeding, panting in the dust,
I knew His judgment just;

And, as a lark with broken wing
Sometimes has heart to sing,

So I, all shattered, still could raise
To His dear name the praise!

Henceforth I know a holy prayer
To conquer pain and care.

For when my struggling flesh grows faint,
And clamors with complaint,

My spirit cries, THY WILL BE DONE!
And finds the victory won.

VOLTAIRE'S REMAINS.

The Figaro states that a rumor, for some time past in circulation, to the effect that the remains of Voltaire are no longer at the Pantheon, has now been confirmed. The tomb is empty, and nothing is known as to what has become of its contents. This discovery was made, it declares, through the following incident: The heart of Voltaire, as is generally known, was left by will to the Villette family, and had been deposited in their chateau; the present Marquis de Villette, a descendant of Voltaire, having resolved to sell the estate, offered the celebrated relic to the Emperor; it was accepted by the Minister of the Interior in the name of his Majesty, and the question then arose as to what should be done with it. The most natural idea was to place it with the body in the tomb at the Pantheon; but a scruple arose; the Pantheon had again become a place of Christian worship, and if the tomb of Voltaire was still in the vaults, the reason was rather from a consideration that what was done could not be undone than from any other; at all events, no fresh ceremony relative to Voltaire could take place in that building without the authorization of the Archbishop of Paris. Mgr. Darboy, on being consulted, before making a reply, first hinted that there was a belief that, since 1814, the Pantheon possessed nothing belonging to Voltaire but an empty tomb. In consequence it was determined to verify the truth of the report. A few days back the stone was raised, and, as the Archbishop had stated, the tomb was found to be empty. A strict inquiry into the subject has been ordered, and the Emperor has given instructions that the heart shall be enclosed in a silver vase, and deposited either in the great hall of the Imperial Library, or at the Institute of France.

The removal of the remains from the vaults of the Pantheon is related in the following terms in one of the numbers of *The Intermediaire*, which was directed by the bibliophilist Jacob. It will be seen that the mortal remains of Rousseau were carried away at the same time: "One night in May, 1814, the bones of Voltaire and Rousseau were taken out of the leaden coffins in which they had been enclosed, put into a canvas bag and carried to a hackney coach which was in waiting at the back of the church. The vehicle drove off slowly, accompanied by five or six persons, among whom were the brothers Puymorin. They arrived at about two in the morning, by deserted streets, at the Barrière de la Gare, opposite Bercy. At that place was a large piece of ground, intended as the site for an enterpot of the commerce of the Seine, but which project was never carried into execution. This ground, surrounded by a wooden fence, belonged at that time to the city of Paris, and had not yet received any other destination; the neighborhood was full of low wine shops and eating houses. A deep pit had been dug in the midst of this waste ground, where other persons, besides those who accompanied the carriage, were in waiting. The bag containing the bones was emptied on a bed of hot lime. The pit was then filled up with earth, and trampled on in silence by the authors of this last inhumation of Voltaire. Then they drove off, satisfied with themselves at having fulfilled, in their opinion, a sacred duty as Royalists and Christians."

A PLEA:

WRITTEN FOR THE FAIR IN BEHALF OF THE SANITARY COMMISSION.

[The following fine poem was written by Mrs. C. A. MASON of Fitchburg, and sent to the Rev. William P. Tilden, as a contribution to the Sanitary Fair. It is worthy of preservation as a souvenir of the Fair.]—*Boston Transcript.*

"COME TO THE RESCUE!" The cry went forth
Through the length and breadth of the loyal North;
For the gun that startled Sumter heard
Wakened the land with its fiery word!
The farmer paused, with his work half done,
And snatched from the nail his rusty gun;
And the swart mechanic wiped his brow,
Shouting, "There's work for my strong arm now!"
And the parson doffed his gown and said,
"Bring me my right-good sword instead";
And buckled his belt on with the rest;
And each and all to the rescue went,
As unto a royal Tournament;
For the loyal blood of a nation stirred
To the gun that startled Sumter heard!

"Come to the rescue!" Again that cry,
Burdening the breeze as it passes by:
"Come to the rescue! Our brave men fall,
Wounded and slain by the foeman's ball."

Lying in hospitals sick and faint,
Who shall answer their low complaint?
Dying in strange and desolate places,
Pining for home and home's sweet faces,
Faint for a drink from the dear old well,
Longing to taste of the fruit that fell
All the Autumn, so ripe and sweet,
Over the orchard-wall into the street.
Murmuring, "Oh, that one would come
With even the scanty crumbs of home,
The crumbs from my father's board that fell,
To cheer, and hearten, and make me well!"

Who shall answer this mournful cry?
Who shall answer it? You or I!
OURS are the hands that to them shall bring
The healing draught from the dear old spring,
And the golden fruit that all the Fall
Ripened and swung on the garden wall;
WE on their gaping wounds will pour
Our oil, and our wine shall glad them more
Than ever a vintage cheered before.

Come, then, come to the Soldier's Fair!
Here is work for us all to share.
Little children and stern-browed men,
Veterans of threescore years and ten,
Gentle woman and maiden gay
Gathered from peaceful homes away,
Lend us your pitying aid to-day!
Help us to answer with open hand
The cry deep-surging through the land:
Remembering how the dear Lord spoke,
Who once to famishing thousands broke
The scanty loaves till they all were fed—
"Who helps my suffering ones," he said,
"Hath done it unto Me instead:
Rich and large shall your guerdon be;
OH, FRIENDS, YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME!"

WENDELL PHILLIPS IN VERMONT.

From The Aurora of the Valley.

This most popular orator has, during the last week, lectured in Middlebury, Burlington, and Montpelier; in each of the places to very large audiences. It was my privilege to hear him in Montpelier. It would be superfluous to speak of the grace of his manner, the music of his voice, his perfect diction, his matchless oratory. The universal voice has long accorded to him these possessions. And it is much to be able to assemble multitudes, awaken their interest, commend their attention and receive their applause. It is more to be unfaltering in duty, faithful to holiest convictions, the advocate of the oppressed and down-trodden, the lover and upholder of justice everywhere. Mr. Phillips is as truly the one as the other.

With as profound a belief in the ultimate triumph of truth as any man can have, and as firm a conviction that slavery has received its death blow, he yet sees so much danger from measures adopted, discussed and proposed that his mission is still to speak words of warning.

His subject was "reconstruction," and he made his reasons very plain to the audience for desiring to postpone rather than hasten a reunion of the States. Mr. Phillips has been accused of too freely indulging in a spirit of censure and criticism, as though actuated by personal and selfish motives. But his whole history proves him to be too magnanimous for such a course.

If he sees a man doing his duty to-day, no matter what abuse he may have heaped upon him, and the Abolitionists generally, heretofore, he gives him due credit, maintaining a generous silence of bygones; while on the other hand he does not fail to warn against him whose course he sees to be dangerous, though his previous professions were as radically anti-slavery as his own. He thinks we cannot afford to love or hate when the indulgence of these passions may affect the welfare of the nation. His judgment may not be infallible, his motives are pure.

But the terrible bloody conflict through which we are passing is fast demonstrating to all that slavery is no less a monster than has been represented by the Abolitionists for the last thirty years, and their words of warning and predictions of disaster are now felt to have been uttered with clear and far-seeing vision. They occupy a "tower of observance" to which their love of justice and moral courage have elevated them, and they can look above policy and expediency, and see in the future an end more desirable than self-promotion. Happily, we have many men not formerly identified with Abolitionists who have attained this high position. It cannot be unprofitable in these perilous times to look at our condition in all its bearings. There is, and must be trouble enough, if all that is possible to a pure patriotism is averted. To act wisely we must understand fully. We have but to look to the doings of our present Congress to realize that prejudice is not yet extinct, and that equal justice cannot be meted out irrespective of color. Can we afford to have the influence of Sumner, Wilson, and the many other good and true, further counteracted at present by half converted Southern Representatives? There are enough to present the hopeful side, let Wendell Phillips continue to criticize, and warn; we need him, and multitudes more, as fearless and just. A. H.

March 16.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE QUEEN.

"It's all right, Susan," I says, "it's a letter from the Postmaster-General." "And whatever does he want?" Susan says. "Oh, nothing," I says; "he only writes to say that five shillings have been placed to my credit in the books of his department." "Well, it's very condescending of him," Susan says, "for so little." "Well," I says, "it's a guarantee that it's all right, and there's his signature, 'Geo. Chetwynd.'" "Cheatwind!" Susan says; "are you sure it's all safe, George?" "Safe as the Bank," I says, "and safer; for the Queen, the two Houses of Parliament, and all the taxes are security." I quite took a fancy to the Post-office Savings Bank when I found how simple the machinery was. It was almost as handy as the drawer to have a bank round the corner where you could buy your tea and sugar and put your money away all at once, and without ceremony. I was pleased with it as a child with a pretty toy, and I liked the importance of receiving letters every now and then "On her Majesty's Service." Susan used to put the letters on the chimney-piece for people to see. It was soon the talk of the neighborhood that I was holding a correspondence with the government, and it was reported that I was going to be appointed watchmaker to the Queen and the Royal family. I passed the post-office twice every day in coming home to dinner and going back again to work, and to walk in with my book and put away a few shillings was just like dropping into the public-house to have a glass of ale. And always the next day, whether it was pounds or shillings, I had a letter "On her Majesty's Service"; and Susan would meet me at the door and say, "George, here's another letter from the Queen," and then we'd sit down after supper and count it up, and see how much I had at my banker's. I found putting money away in the Post-office Savings Bank so easy and so pleasant like that I rather overdid the thing, and put more money away than I could spare. So one day I ran short and had to draw out. It was almost as easy and expeditious as drawing a check upon one of the big banks. At the post-office they gave me a slip of paper with a form of withdrawal upon it, and addressed in print to the Postmaster-General on the back. I had nothing to do but to fill in the number of my book, the amount I wanted to draw out, sign my name, double the bit of paper up, and shove it in the post. It only took me about a minute, for the paper was ready gummed for sealing, and no stamp was required, it being marked on the back, "On her Majesty's Service." It was two o'clock on Tuesday when I posted the letter. At four o'clock next day I had an answer in the shape of a printed form, very similar to the notice paper. I had nothing to do but to sign it and present it at the post-office, and the money was handed to me, the clerk marking off the withdrawal in my book. It's my belief that saving is a habit, like smoking or taking snuff, or like extravagance. If you begin it and go on with it for a little time, you come to have a sort of passion for it.—*Dickens's "All the Year Round."*

FEMALE CANDIDATES FOR LOCAL EXAMINATIONS.—*The Englishwoman's Magazine* for last month says that the number of *female* applicants for examination in the papers, which have been prepared for the local examinations of the University of Cambridge, is so large as to be almost embarrassing. There will be examinations both for senior and for junior students. The former must be under eighteen, and the latter under sixteen years of age. There is considerable difference between these examinations and those instituted by the Society of Arts. The latter are chiefly intended for the sons and daughters of small farmers, shopkeepers and artisans, and the certificates given are for excellence in distinct subjects; while in the Cambridge examinations the attempt is made to set up a general standard of education, and "for this," says *The Englishwoman's Magazine*, "we are exceedingly grateful." The Syndics, however, seem excessively anxious not to be thought to move one whit faster than they really do, and were in an amazing hurry to explain that the university does not offer to women any degree, nor does it admit girls to the examinations, and that all that has been done is to send to a committee of ladies and gentlemen copies of the examination papers, "for the use of some girls in London." The results will not appear in the university class lists or report. "It does read a little," says *The Englishwoman's Magazine*, "as if the university had been doing good by stealth, and now blushed to find it fame; but we do not complain in the least—the experiment will be tried and will succeed, and it is always an immense gain and relief to get, by ever so little a step, out of the stage of endless discussion into that of practical work. Now that these examinations have begun, we have no fear of their being discontinued; we have gained a solid foothold, which it will not, we think, be difficult to keep, and which puts farther progress within our grasp. Next year we may hope that not only 'some girls in London' will be getting ready for these examinations, but that in many another city and town through England their example will be followed, and the experiment be tried again and again with success, until the standard of female education over the whole country is permanently raised."

THEODORE PARKER AND THE POPE.—M